...THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE SLITHERING DEAD...

47357

PSYCHO

T.M.

THIS IS THE ISSUE OF THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN

...the creep who slithers, half-dead, half-buried ...into graves he doesn't own... to defile bodies he doesn't know...

...his filthy, age-matted fingers grab the earth...tear at the coffins underneath... rip up a crumbling skull and horribly display it for you...

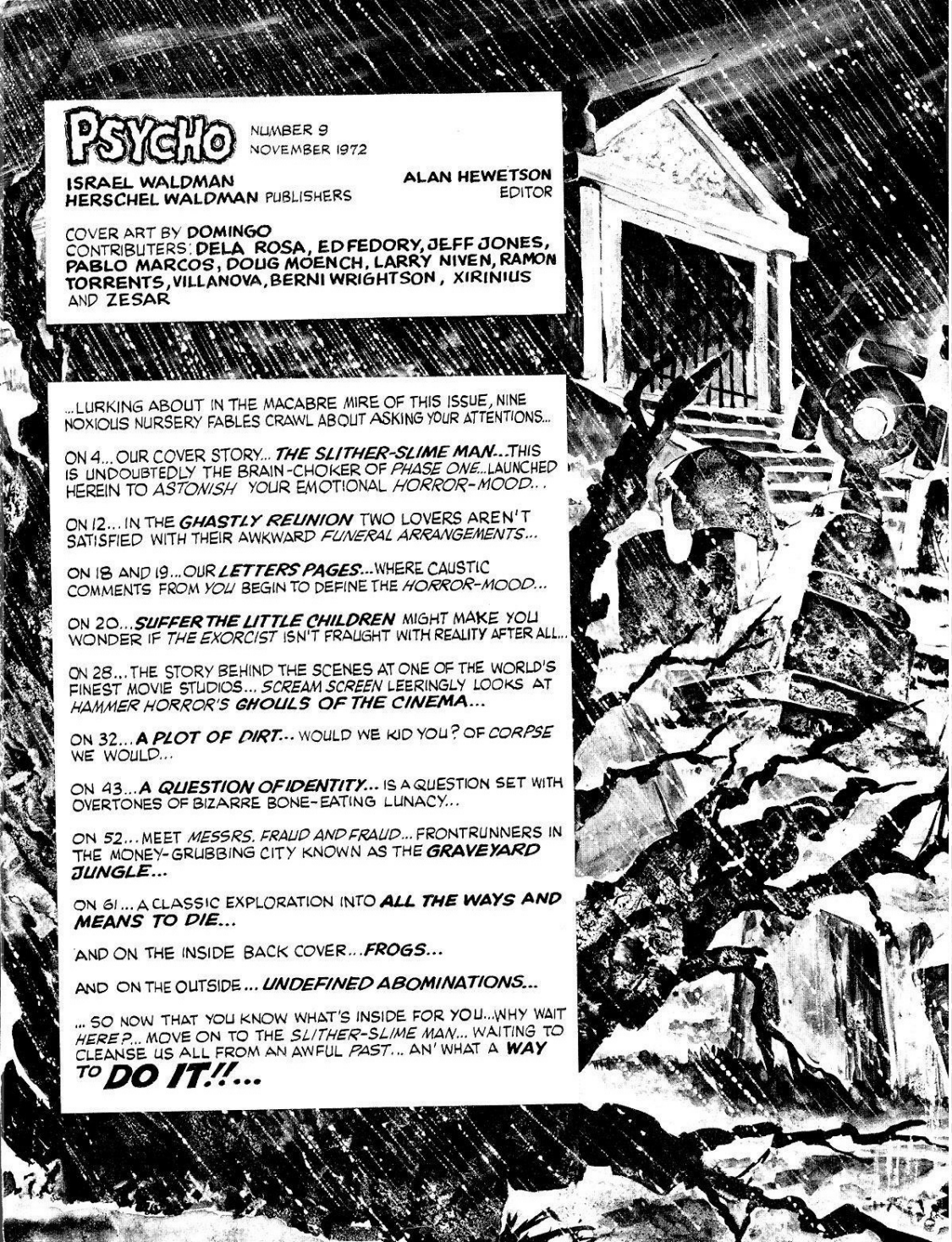
...LET HIM SLIDE INTO YOUR HORROR-MOOD!

60¢

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

NO. 9

NOVEMBER 1972



PSYCHO

NUMBER 9
NOVEMBER 1972

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...LURKING ABOUT IN THE MACABRE MIRE OF THIS ISSUE, NINE NOXIOUS NURSERY FABLES CRAWL ABOUT ASKING YOUR ATTENTIONS...

ON 4... OUR COVER STORY... ***THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN...*** THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BRAIN-CHOKER OF *PHASE ONE*... LAUNCHED HEREIN TO *ASTONISH* YOUR EMOTIONAL *HORROR-MOOD*...

ON 12... IN THE ***GHASTLY REUNION*** TWO LOVERS AREN'T SATISFIED WITH THEIR AWKWARD *FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS*...

ON 18 AND 19... OUR ***LETTERS PAGES***... WHERE CAUSTIC COMMENTS FROM *YOU* BEGIN TO DEFINE THE *HORROR-MOOD*...

ON 20... ***SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN*** MIGHT MAKE YOU WONDER IF *THE EXORCIST* ISN'T FRAUGHT WITH REALITY AFTER ALL...

ON 28... THE STORY BEHIND THE SCENES AT ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MOVIE STUDIOS... *SCREAM SCREEN* LEERINGLY LOOKS AT *HAMMER HORROR'S* ***GHOULS OF THE CINEMA***...

ON 32... ***A PLOT OF DIRT***... WOULD WE KID YOU? OF *CORPSE* WE WOULD...

ON 43... ***A QUESTION OF IDENTITY...*** IS A QUESTION SET WITH OVERTONES OF BIZARRE BONE-EATING LUNACY...

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ON 61... A CLASSIC EXPLORATION INTO ***ALL THE WAYS AND MEANS TO DIE...***

AND ON THE INSIDE BACK COVER... ***FROGS...***

AND ON THE OUTSIDE... ***UNDEFINED ABOMINATIONS...***

... SO NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE FOR YOU... WHY WAIT *HERE?*... MOVE ON TO THE *SLITHER-SLIME MAN*... WAITING TO CLEANSE US ALL FROM AN AWFUL *PAST*... AN' WHAT A ***WAY TO DO IT!!...***

PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BY **SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION**, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. VOLUME 1 NUMBER 9 NOVEMBER 1972. ENTIRE CONTENTS FICTIONAL – ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS PORTRAYED HEREIN TO ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRICE : 60¢ PER COPY.

Y'ALL MOVE ON IN A LITTLE ***CLOSER...*** CREEP INTO THE PAGE JUST LIKE IT SLITHERS OUT AT YEW.

...C'MON AN' SLITHER AN' CREEP...

... SLIDE A LITTLE... AH'M HERE TO ***CLEANSE*** THIS GRAVEYARD L'AK YOU'LL FIND OUT A BIT LATER WHEN Y'ALL READ' 'BOUT ***ME...***

... RIGHT ***NOW*** I AIN'T DOIN' NO CLEANSIN'... JUST SLITHERIN' 'N SLIDIN' INTO YEWR MINDS IN THIS MAD, GROTESQUE JAUNT INTO THE ***HORROR-MOOD...*** THAT WEIRD EMOTIONAL ***FEAR FLAUNT*** CHURNIN' 'BOUT IN YEWR INNARDS... IMPLODIN' L'AK A HORROR-BOMB IN YEWR ***BRAIN...***

... YEH... YUH... THIS IS THE ***PSYCHO*** NUMBER WHERE ***THINGS*** START TO HAPPEN UNCOUNTED FOR... WHERE PEOPLE BEGININ' TO WONDER JUST WHUT GOIN' ON...

... AH TELL YEW... 'T'S NO SECRET... 'T'S THE ***MOOD-TEAM*** PUTTIN' IT ALL-TOGETHER INNA WEIRD PACKAGE THAT GONNA BEND YEWR PRIMAL SPINAL...

... YEH... YUH... WELCOME TO COUGH COUGH ***PHASE*** COUGH ***ONE*** OF THE ULTIMATE COUGGGHHH EMOTIONAL-IMPLOSIONAL ***HORROR-MOOD***

...FOR IT ALL ***REALLY STARTS*** IN ***THIS PSYCHO***
COUGH COUGHHH

...THE GROUND IS ALWAYS DAMP HERE... ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS MUGGY, ALWAYS DISGUSTING... FILTHY FEET PLOD DEEP INTO THIS MUCK THIS NIGHT--FEET FETID AND ANCIENT--FEET FOLLOWING PREVIOUS TRACKS MADE ON PREVIOUS NIGHTS--FEET COLLAPSING AND RISING IN THE MUD--FEET BELONGING TO A STALKING, DEPRAVED **MANIAC**...

FILTHY HANDS GRAB AT THE GROUND... RIP AT THE MUD.. TEAR AT THE EARTH... GOUGE THE SPLINTERS OF THE COFFIN UNDERNEATH WITH RIPPED FINGERS TOO OLD, TOO WRETCHED TO BLEED...

GRAY AGE-MATTED FINGERS POKE AT THE BONES... FONDLE THE CORPSE ...MANEUVER THE CRUMBLING FLESH NOW WALLOWING IN DRIPPING, SOPPING DIRT SLIDING INTO THIS TRENCH FROM ABOVE... MANEUVER IT TILL THE HEAD IS SUPPORTED BY BOTH HANDS...

PABLO MARCOS

THEN THE FINGERS SQUEEZE AND PLUNGE INTO THE DEAD VEINS AND RIP AT THE NECK MUSCLES AND TEAR AT THE LIFELESS SHREDS OF BONE TILL THEY HOPELESSLY FALL APART... ... NO LONGER WISHING TO ENDURE... ... NO LONGER WANTING TO FIGHT... ... NO LONGER WILLING TO SUFFER AT THE CLUTCH OF THE CRUEL, LUSTING, EVIL FINGERS OF...

HEWETSON AND MARCOS

...THE *THING*...THE *MAN-THING*... ...THE **AWKWARD SLITHER-SLIME THING**... ... WHO NOW HOLDS THE DECAPITATED SKULL IN THOSE LUNATIC GRAY FINGERS AND CHANTS DISGUSTINGLY IN A MOANING SOUTHERN DRAWL...

... ALL DONE...

...ALL FINISHED FER THE NIGHT...

CLEANSED THIS HERE GRAVEYARD THIS NIGHT... AIN'T NO GHOULS OR VAMPIRES OR WARLOCKS GONNA RISE FROM ***THIS*** GRAVEYARD ON ***THIS*** NIGHT...

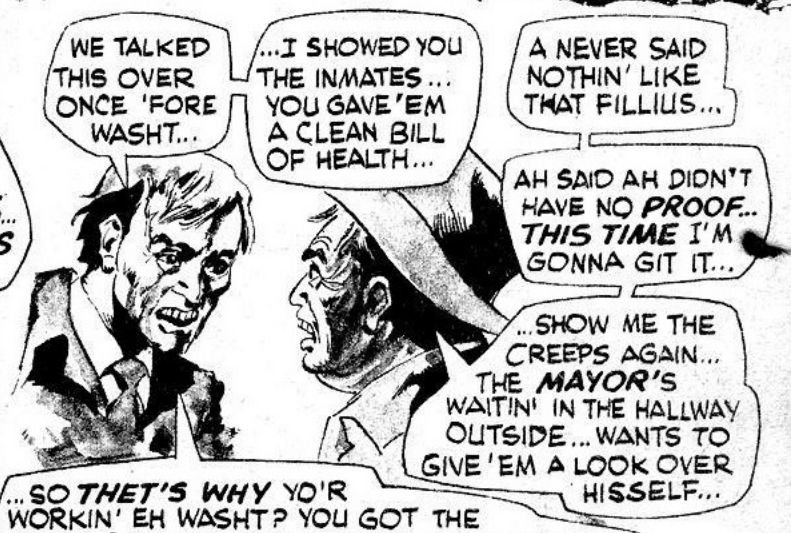
...I SEEN TO THAT...

the SLITHER-SLIME man

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

...THE FOLLOWING MORNING IT WAS WEDNESDAY, AND STILL WET--STILL RAINING AS THE MEN FITTED A NEW TOP ON THE SPLINTERED COFFIN AND THREW NEW MUCK IN THE UNHALLOWED GRAVE...
...THIS CAIN'T GO ON SHERIFF...
...NO IT CAIN'T...
...AH DON'T CARE WHUT THAT FREAK-KEEPER NEXT DOOR IN THE ASYLUM SAYS...
...IT'S GOTTA BE ONE-A HIS CREEPS GITTIN' OUT AT NIGHT...

SHERIFF WASHT TO SEE YOU SIR!
GOOD 'TUH SEE YOU WASHT-- HOW'S THE WIFE AN' KIDS?
NEVER MIND THE GUFF FILLIUS...
...AH FIGURE YOU GOTTA CREEP IS GETTIN'OUTTA HERE AT NIGHT SOMEHOW... GOES INTO THE GRAVEYARD... RIPS UP BODIES AN' DOES SOMETHIN' TO 'EM...


WE TALKED THIS OVER ONCE 'FORE WASHT...
...I SHOWED YOU THE INMATES... YOU GAVE 'EM A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH...
A NEVER SAID NOTHIN' LIKE THAT FILLIUS...
AH SAID AH DIDN'T HAVE NO PROOF... THIS TIME I'M GONNA GIT IT...
...SHOW ME THE CREEPS AGAIN... THE MAYOR'S WAITIN' IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE... WANTS TO GIVE 'EM A LOOK OVER HISSELF...
...SO THET'S WHY YO'R WORKIN' EH WASHT? YOU GOT THE MAYOR ON YER BACK... AH FIGURED IT HADDA BE SOMETHIN' LIKE THET TO GIT YOU OFFA YO'R FAT BEHIND...

...THAT MORNING WARDEN FILLIUS SHOWED MAYOR JUGGINS AND SHERIFF WASHT THROUGH THEIR COMMUNITY ASYLUM... SHOWED THEM THE COUNTY COLLECTION OF CREEPS, AND MISFITS... MOST OF WHOM **BELONG** IN THIS PLACE--SOME OF WHOM DON'T--SOME WERE JUST **PUT IN HERE** TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY... RETARDS SOME OF THEM... OTHERS JUST TOO OLD AND SENILE TO **COPE** WITH CLUMSY DAY-TO-DAY DRUDGERIES...

HEY FILLIUS... WHO'S THIS CREEP...
... NAME IS HASKINS...
... CAME IN HERE A LONG TIME AGO... HIS BROTHER BRUNG HIM IN...
WHUT'S HE GOT THERE... WHAT'S HE FIDDLIN' WITH?
...JUST RATS...

...RATS?...
...YEH... HE DON'T DO NO HARM... JEST CATCHES RATS AN' KILLS 'EM... STICKS 'EM IN THE SUN 'TILL THAR FLESH ROTS OFF AN' PLAYS WITH THAR SKELETONS...
WHUT'S THIS HE'AR?
...HEADS... SKULLS... HE GOT HISSELF SOME COLLECTION... ALL DIFFERENT ANIMALS... BUT HE DON'T DO NO HARM SHERIFF...

WASHT AND JUGGINS LOOK AT EACH OTHER HARD THAT MORNING... REMEMBERING THE HEADLESS CORPSES... REMEMBERING HOW THE DEFILER HAD REMOVED THE SKELETAL SKULLS...

..THIS'S THE GUY FILLIUS...
... AW DAMMIT WASHT... YOU KNOW DAMN WELL IT AIN'T...
NEVER MIND BACKTALKIN' ME FILLIUS... AH KNOW DAMN WELL IT IS HIM...
BOOK 'IM SHERIFF...
YESSIR... AH' LL BOOK HIM...

YOU CAIN'T TAKE HIM OUTTA HE'AR WASHT...
...HE'S A COMMITTED LUNATIC... YOU GOT NO JURISDIKSHUN IN HE'AR...
BOOK 'IM SHERIFF...
HE GOES OUTSIDE THET DOOR AN THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHUT HE'LL DO... HE AIN'T BIN OUT IN TEN YEARS...
...HE AIN'T GONNA RUN AWAY... AH'LL HANDCUFF HIM...

...AMONG THE GRAVES THE RAIN STILL FALLS... THE AIR STILL SMELLS... THE FEET FALL AGAIN... RIPPING INTO THE MUD... THE HANDS ITCHING...
... GOTTA CLEANSE...
...THE SLIMY HANDS SLITHER INTO THE MUCKY DIRT... DIGGING... SLITHERING AROUND SEARCHING THRU THE SPLINTERS AND THE FALLING MUD...
... IF'N AH DON'T CLEANSE TONIGHT... MAH FELLAH MAN WILL REGRET IT...
...THEY GRIP THE NECK... TWIST... TEAR... TILL THE MUSCLES AND BONES BREAK AND THE SKULL COMES FREE...
... THE FIENDS AN' VAMPIRES'LL STALK THE COUNTRYSIDE UNLESS AH CLEANSE...
... THE EYES ARE NEARLY EMPTY... IN THEM THERE IS ONLY ULTIMATE DECADENCE...
... GOTTA CLEANSE...
...IN THE MORNING MAYOR JUGGINS AND SHERIFF WASHT STOOD IN THE MUD BESIDE THE DEFILED TOMB... THE RAIN STILL FELL...
...I GUESS IT WASN'T THE LUNATIC HUH WASHT?...
...AH GUESS NOT...
...AH GOT ME AN IDEA IN MAH HEAD WHO IT *IS* THO...
AH FIGURE IT EITHER GOTTA BE ONE OF 2 PEOPLE...
...ONLY 2 PEOPLE AH KNOW GOT ACCESS TO THIS PLACE AT NIGHT... AH FIGURE IT GOTTA BE ONE OF ***THEM***... EITHER GOTTA BE THE OLD GRAVEYARD KEEPER... AH NEVER DID LIKE 'IM... CREEP EVER SINCE I COULD REMEMBER...
...OR FILLIUS... MIGHT BE FILLIUS Y' KNOW...
... I GONNA STAKE OUT FILLIUS' PLACE TONIGHT WITH THE DEPUTY... GONNA FIND OUT ONE WAY OR TH' OTHER...

... YOU REALLY FIGURE IT MIGHT BE FILLIUS?...I DUNNO WASHT... HE LOOKS KINDA STRAIGHT TO ME...
...THET'S WHY AH DON'T LIKE 'IM... TOO STRAIGHT... ALWAYS TALKIN' 'BOUT 'IS WIFE AN KID... ALWAYS ASKIN' AFTER MINE... NEVER GITS IN NO TROUBLE.. NEVER FOOLS 'ROUND WITH OTHER WIMEN... NOTHIN'...
... DON'T TRUST NOBODY LIKE THET... NEVER DID LIKE FILLIUS... NEVER DID...
... YOU SEE SOMETHIN' MOVIN' OUT THERE WASHT?
...YEH... LOOK LIKE FILLIUS ALRIGHT...
...I GONNA SWITCH ON THE HOUSE LIGHTS ON HIM...
... DON'T MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVES FILLIUS... AH'LL BLOW YER HEAD OFF...
...WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOIN' WASHT? AH'M ONLY TAKIN' A WALK...
JEST STAY WHERE YEW ARE FILLIUS... JEST STAY RIGHT WHERE YEW ARE...
... WANNA GET OUTTA THE LIGHT WASHT...
... AH SAID TO STAY WHERE YEW WERE FILLIUS...
TWAAK
GOD SHERIFF... YOU HAVE TO SHOOT HIM?
...YOU SAW HIM MOVE SUDDENLY.. I TOL' HIM NOT TO MOVE...
YEH-- YEH... BUT AH DON'T FIGURE HE WUS THE GHOUL...
AH NEVER FIGURED HE WUS!
BUT AH COULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES... YOU SAW THET DIDN'T YOU? HE WUS ALWAYS A CREEP ANYWAY... FILLIUS WUS ALWAYS A CREEP...
LOOK -- YOU TAKE THIS CREEP'S CORPSE BACK INTO TOWN... GIT IT OVER TO THE MORGUE... ...NIGHT AIN'T OVER YET...
...AH'M GOIN' OVER THE GRAVEYARD...
WHUT FER SHERIFF? YOU THE GHOUL ƎHEHE ƎHEHE?
...SHUT YER FACE...
... AH'M JEST DOIN' MAH JOB...

...THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN... THE CREEP WHO SLITHERS, HALF-DEAD, HALF-BURIED, INTO GRAVES HE DOESN'T OWN... DESECRATES BODIES HE DOESN'T KNOW...
...THE NIGHT OF THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN... HE WHO IS A CREATURE OF HABIT WHO'S MOMENTS OF BEING ARE A PERPETUAL EXERCISE IN REDUNDANCY...
HEY CREEP... CAUGHT YA...
... WASHT...
CAUGHT YA HUH CREEP?
I WUSN'T DOIN' NOTHIN' WASHT... JEST FIXIN UP MY WIFE'S GRAVE IS ALL... JEST TRYIN' TO KEEP THE MUD OFF...
...YEH SURE CREEP... HEH HEH...
KEEP AWAY FROM ME WASHT... I AIN'T GONNA TAKE NONE OF YO'R BULLY TACTICS TONIGHT...
... JEST STAY WHERE YEW ARE CREEP.. STAY RIGHT THERE...
I SAID TO STAY WHERE YEW WERE CREEP..
LIKE HELL-- I'M GITTIN' OUTTA HERE WASHT... I DON'T TRUST YEW...
HEH HEH
... UHHHH..
I DUNNO HOW A CREEP LIKE YEW GOT A JOB LIKE THIS... NICE CLEAN CHRISTIAN GRAVEYARD... YEW AIN'T FIT FER IT CREEP...
GOD LAY OFF WASHT... MY HEART... I GOTTA WEAK HEART...
I... UGH... MY FOOT...
...FEEL THE SLITHERING-SLIMY HAND ON YOUR FOOT WASHT... FEEL IT CREEPING UP YOUR LEG...
...YOU MADE THE MISTAKE OF STANDING ON THE WRONG GRAVE...

...OH GOD...
...YOU FEELIN' IT CREEPIN' UP YOUR LEG WASHT? YOU FEELIN' IT CLIMB... CLIMBING UP...CLUTCHING AT YOUR KNEE... BREATHING...BREAKING THE BONES SO THAT YOU FALL...
...NOW YOU SEE HIM COMING UP FROM UNDER NEATH YOU... YOU WERE STANDING ON HIS GRAVE WASHT... STANDING ON THE MAN'S GRAVE...
YOU FEEL THE SLIMY FINGERS SLITHERING UP YOUR CHEST WASHT? YOU FEEL THEM TWISTING AND WARNING WHAT'S TO COME? YOU FEEL THEM WASHT? THEY'RE COMING NEAR YOUR THROAT...
...OH GOD...
...GOTTA CLEANSE THE WORLD FER MAH FELLAH MAN...
YOU FEEL THE FINGERS CLOSING ROUND YOUR THROAT... YOU FEEL THEM? YOU FEEL PAIN NOW... NOT JUST FEAR... AS THEY PULL AND TEAR AT YOUR THROAT... YOU FEEL THE MUDDY, SLIMY, CLAMMY FINGERS OF THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN RIPPING YOUR THROAT MUSCLES...
...NO... NO YOU DON'T FEEL THEM ANYMORE WASHT... YOU DON'T FEEL ANYTHING ANYMORE...
...GOTTA CLEANSE THE GRAVEYARD...
...THE SLITHER-SLIME THING STANDS TALL LIKE A MAN... CLUTCHING IN HIS GRAY AGE-MATTED FINGERS THE SKULL WHICH DRIPS BLOOD...
...THE BLOOD MINGLES WITH THE RAIN...AND MAKES MORE MUD...

THE FIRST NIGHT BROUGHT DISSENSION WITHIN THE SMALL FAMILIAL RANKS...
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY--HAVIN' HIM HERE AT NIGHT INTRUDES ON MY PRIVACY! I DON'T LIKE IT, BONNIE--YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HIRED HIM WITHOUT ASKIN' ME FIRST!
BUT WE NEED HELP TO RUN THIS FARM, GENE--BESIDES, I FELT SORRY FOR HIM... HE SAYS NOT EVEN HIS DAY JOB IS ENOUGH TO PULL HIM OUT OF DEBT, AND HE WORKS CHEAPLY-- FOR MUCH LESS THAN ANY DAY HELP, IF DAY HELP WAS ANYWHERE TO BE FOUND.
MOENCH AND TORRENTS...
THE SECOND NIGHT BROUGHT A FLARING OF VOLATILE TEMPERS, HARSH WORDS, AND A RIFT IN A MARRIAGE ALREADY DESTINED TO BE TORN APART...
THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH HIM--I CAN SENSE IT! HARDLY EVER SAYS TWO WORDS TO ANYBODY, NEVER SMILES, WORKS LIKE A DEMON FOR CHICKEN SCRATCH, NEVER TAKES A BREAK... AND BY THE WAY, HOW'D YOU GET ON FIRST-NAME TERMS WITH HIM SO QUICK?
STOP IT, GENE! YOU'RE BEING A FOOL-- STEVEN MIGHT HEAR YOU! WHY CAN'T YOU RELAX, JUST LET THINGS BE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING FRIENDLY TO HIM? I JUST WANT US TO BE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY--WE AIN'T GOT ANY FRIENDS WAY OUT HERE...
AND THE FIFTH NIGHT BROUGHT A FEATHERED SHAFT OF DOOM INTO THE HEART OF ONE STEVEN, NO SURNAME KNOWN, ITINERANT WORKER, AND LATE WOOD-CHOPPER AMONG OTHER VARIEGATED FUNCTIONS...
TWEWH!
HERE YOU GO, LOVER-BOY STEVEN, SEE HOW YOU CAN HUG THIS ARROW TO YOUR MANLY CHEST! HUMPH-- SHOULD'VE LET YOU FINISH CHOPPING THAT TREE FOR ME...
THE THIRD NIGHT BROUGHT A DECISION, A CATHARSIS IN REVERSE, AND THE SEEDS OF A NEW ACQUAINTANCE...
CAN'T EVEN RELAX IN MY OWN HOME WITH ALL THAT HAMMERING-- WELL, IF HE CAN WORK AT NIGHT, I CAN HUNT AT NIGHT... ONLY WAY I'LL GET ANY PEACE AROUND HERE ANYWAY!
WOK WOK WAK WAK
IF THAT'S YOUR WISH, GENE, FOLLOW IT. HOPE YOU MANAGE TO BAG SOMETHING BIG...
THE FOURTH NIGHT BROUGHT MORE HUNTING, A CLANDESTINE RENDEZVOUS, WATCHING EYES FROM THE DARKNESS PINPOINTING UNEXPECTED QUARRY, AND FURY IN THE FACE OF BETRAYAL...
SO SHE HIRED HIM BECAUSE HE WORKED CHEAP... HUH! WHAT SHE REALLY MEANT WAS CHEAT! FIGURED AS MUCH, FROM A LITTLE WITCH LIKE HER! WELL TONIGHT'S THE LAST TIME SHE'LL SLOBBER HER LIPS ALL OVER LOVER-BOY STEVEN...
THUFT!
AAAAAHHHHHNNNNNN!
THE WHICKERING BOLT SIZZLES ACROSS THE CLEARING, AND PLUNGES INTO THE SHOCKED WOOD-CUTTER'S CHEST. LIKE A MARIONETTE ON A STARTLED PUPPETEER'S STRING, HE JERKS BACK WITH THE ABRUPT IMPACT, AND CRUMPLES TO THE LEAVE-STREWN GROUND, HIS SHIRT A CRIMSON RUIN. THUS IS THE STAGE SET FOR SORDID OCCURRENCES WHICH ULTIMATELY CULMINATE IN A...
Ghastly Reunion

TRIUMPHANTLY, HIS HONOR BLOODILY EXONERATED, THE HUNTER EMERGES FROM CONCEALMENT TO INSPECT HIS QUARRY. THE GRISLY SIGHT GIVES HIM MOMENTARY PAUSE-- HE HAS SEEN DEATH OFTEN, BUT THIS DEATH IS INDEFINABLY DIFFERENT... PERHAPS A MAN CONTAINS MORE BLOOD THAN DEER OR RABBITS, AND THE PUMPING GORE IS DECIDEDLY DISCONCERTING... BUT THEN, THE HUNTER'S IMPERVIOUS NATURE RETURNS...

HAH! YOU SURE GOT A LOT OF BLOOD IN YOU, LOVER-BOY-- MUST'VE SUNK THAT ARROW RIGHT IN YOUR HEART! NICE OF YOU TO BRING THE TOOLS WITH YOU-- SAVES ***ME*** THE TROUBLE OF GETTING THEM...

THE EARTH IS HARD, AND THE SHOVEL BLUNT, BUT WITH MUCH GRUNTING AND SWEATING, CURSING AND PANTING, FINALLY THE GRAVE IS...

ALMOST FINISHED, LOVER-BOY! YOU HEAR ME?-- I SAID YOUR NEW HOME IS ALMOST FINISHED, HAG! YOU NEVER ***WERE*** A TALKATIVE ONE, WERE YOU?... PREFERRED TO USE YOUR MOUTH FOR ***OTHER*** THINGS...

CHUK CHUK CHUK

THEN, WITH A SUFFICIENT AMOUNT OF THE HEAVY EARTH DISPLACED, THE VENGEFUL HUSBAND AND HUNTER DRAGS HIS LIMP TROPHY TOWARD THE YAWNING GRAVE...

COME ON, LOVER-BOY--JUST A FEW MORE FEET ... AND YOU'LL BE SNUG AS A BUG IN YOUR NEW BEDDY-BY...

STRUGGLING WITH THE CUMBERSOME BURDEN, THE NOBLE HUNTER EVENTUALLY SUCCEEDS IN HEAVING THE CORPSE INTO THE SLOPPY PIT... ARMS AND LEGS SPRAWL LIFELESSLY AND SETTLE IN CONFORMATION TO THE GRAVE'S HASTY CONTOURS...

THUFF

IN YOU GO--THAT'S A GOOD LOVER-BOY...

AND ***UNDER*** YOU GO! NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

SPAT WHAF WHAF

GOOD NIGHT, LOVER-BOY! SLEEP TIGHT AND DON'T LET THE BED BUGS-- OR SHOULD I SAY ***MAGGOTS AND EARTHWORMS?*** -- BITE!

GENE -- WHAT KIND OF HUNTING CAN YOU DO *THIS* LATE? HAVE YOU SEEN STEVEN? HE WAS TO CUT DOWN THOSE THREE TREES ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE SOUTH ACREAGE -- TO CLEAR FOR THAT FENCE YOU WANTED TO PUT UP... HE SHOULD'VE BEEN *BACK* BY NOW...
WILL YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT HIM?! PROBABLY FELL ASLEEP!
BUT THE NEXT NIGHT...
CHOFF CHOFF... WHYN'T YOU EATIN'?... CHOFF CHOFF... WHATSAMATTER... CHOFF... CAN'T STOMACH YOUR OWN... CHOFF... COOKIN'?
STEVEN'S LATE FOR WORK. YOU KNOW HE'S NEVER LATE -- AND HE NEVER EVEN CAME BACK TO PICK UP HIS JACKET LAST NIGHT. I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM...
JACKET--?
YES, HIS JACKET WAS STILL HANGING IN THE BARN THIS MORNING -- HE'D NEVER FORGET IT. I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR HIM -- HE MIGHT HAVE HURT HIMSELF CUTTING THOSE TREES LAST NIGHT...
THAT'S *TWO* MISTAKES I'VE MADE NOW -- WHO WOULD'VE EVER THOUGHT OF A *JACKET*... EXCEPT A *WOMAN* WHO NOTICES *EVERYTHING* ABOUT A MAN SHE LOVES! AND WHY DIDN'T I *FIGURE* LOVER-BOY WOULD'VE MENTIONED WHERE HE WAS *GOING* LAST NIGHT? -- SEEIN' AS HOW THEY WERE ON SUCH *GOOD TERMS*!
NOW SHE KNOWS FROM HIS ABANDONED JACKET THAT HE DIDN'T JUST UP AND LEAVE -- AND FROM WHAT HE TOLD HER, SHE KNOWS THE LAST PLACE HE WAS DEFINITELY LOCATED... AND NOW I'VE GOTTA *FOLLOW* HER -- PREVENT HER FROM GOIN' TO THE *POLICE* IF SHE FINDS LOVER-BOY'S GRAVE...
STEVEN? *STEVEN*? STEEEEVEN! STEEE -- *UHN*!
BLAST IT! NOW SHE CAN'T *MISS* THE GRAVE -- AND I LEFT THE LOUSY SHOVEL RIGHT OUT IN PLAIN VIEW -- AND *REACH*!

OH, STEVEN, STEVEN, HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT US--KILLED YOU--BURIED YOU! BUT DON'T WORRY, MY DARLING, I'M COMING--I'LL REACH YOU--I'LL GET YOU OUT!
SHE'S FLIPPED--HOW COULD SHE BE SO CRAZY OVER A GUY THAT SHE'D FLIP HER LID AT HIS DEATH...? WELL, MIGHT AS WELL LET HER FINISH DIGGING HIM UP--SAVE ME THE WORK.
STEVEN--I WAS RIGHT--HE KILLED YOU... BURIED YOU. BUT DON'T WORRY, STEVEN, I'LL...
YOU'LL DO NOTHING, YOU LITTLE CHEAT, EXCEPT...
WHUNGG!
...JOIN YOUR LITTLE LOVER-BOY IN HIS DIRTY CRIB!
NO! GENE--DON'T! I'M PINNED DOWN--MY LEG'S STUCK! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING--!
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING--I'M ECONOMIZING ON GRAVE SPACE! THOUGHT THAT SHOVEL WHACK'D FINISH YOU, BUT SINCE IT DIDN'T...
...I'LL JUST HAVE TO BURY YOU ALIVE! 'COURSE, YOU WON'T STAY THAT WAY FOR LONG... DIRT DOESN'T GO DOWN THE LUNGS TOO WELL...
IGNORING THE MUFFLED SHRIEKS OF HORROR WHICH STRUGGLE THROUGH THE MOUND OF PACKED EARTH, A VERY SATISFIED GENE SMOLLEN SAUNTERS FROM THE CLEARING...
NOW MAYBE I CAN GET A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET AROUND HERE--SHOULD'VE GOTTEN RID OF THAT LITTLE HELLION LONG BEFORE ANY OF THIS EVEN HAPPENED!
RAMON TORRENTS.72.

GENE DECIDES TO TAKE HIS TIME, SAVOR THE MILE WALK TO HIS HOME... BUT EVEN SO HE IS FAR TOO DISTANT AND FACING THE WRONG WAY TO SEE THE GENTLE STIRRING BENEATH THE MUTE GRAVE, THE SLOW-MOTION ERUPTION OF EARTH, AND THE EXTRUSION OF A QUIVERING FEMININE HAND GRASPING A FEATHERED SHAFT OF DOOM...
... OR THE SUBSEQUENT AND FORCEFUL LUNGE OF ANOTHER HAND, ANOTHER HAND WHICH SURGES UPWARD IN A SPEWING HAIL OF DIRT, AND A HAND WHICH IS MUCH TOO MASCULINE TO BE THE MATE TO THE FIRST HAND...
SUCH THOUGHTS WOULD BE ABSURD TO GENE, THE FARTHEST THINGS FROM HIS MIND, AS HE ENTERS THE WARM DARKNESS OF HIS HOME...
I'LL LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN FOR A WHILE-- GET SOME BREEZE ... ALL THAT SHOVELING MADE ME SWEATY...
AH, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SHUT THE DOOR-- THE DRAFT IS BAD FOR YOUR WIFE...
SLAAAMM!
WHAT THE--!!! NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--!
AND YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY STEVEN NEVER SMILED... SMILE FOR MY HUSBAND, STEVEN- SHOW HIM YOUR STRONG WHITE TEETH. YOU WERE LUCKY YOU CHOSE TO HUNT WITH THE BOW, DARLING GENE--THE ARROW SERVED AS A PERFECT WOODEN STAKE...
...BUT YOUR FATAL MISTAKE WAS BURYING YOUR WIFE ALIVE... FACING ME... WHERE SHE COULD WITHDRAW YOUR ARROW STAKE AND RETURN ME TO LIVING DEATH... AND IN A POSITION WHERE I COULD ADMINISTER ONE FINAL KISS TO HER--THE ONE WHICH ENSURED HER OF AN EXISTENCE LIKE MINE...
...THAT WE ARRIVED HERE BEFORE YOU, MY DEAR HUSBAND? NOT SO-- YOU TOOK YOUR TIME... AND IT WAS ONLY A HALF-MILE AS THE CROW-- OR BAT-- FLIES. YOU LOOK SHOCKED--YOU ALWAYS WONDERED WHY STEVEN DIDN'T SPEAK TO YOU... HE WAS AFRAID HIS EUROPEAN ACCENT WOULD GIVE HIM AWAY. AND OF COURSE HE HAD TO WORK NIGHTS...
KLIK
AND ALL I EVER WANTED, MY DEAR MURDERING HUSBAND, WAS FOR THE THREE OF US TO BE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY-- WHICH WILL NOW COME TO PASS... WITH A KISS OF INITIATION.
NOOO

SEETHING PSYCHO SCRIBBLINGS SCRAWLED TO SCRATCH A DENT IN YOUR PRIMAL-SPINAL

. . . SLIDE INTO THE MAD, MUDDY, MURKY *HORROR-MOOD*

It took a long time to get here. . . into this maniacal *HORROR-MOOD* . . .we've lurked for CENTURIES in the black-dark shadows of newsstands waiting for something to appear with character. . .SUBSTANCE . . .with GOOD STORIES with *sensible plots* and *logical endings*. . . ART that is *enjoyable*. . . EXCITING. . . complimenting our emottions. . .setting graphic standards for the SEVENTIES in an era when others still premise their styles on the thirties and forties, fifties and sixties. . .

Archaic Al, the editor, is molding a *MOOD-TEAM* to burst apart the corner candy stores in this nation EVERY MONTH. . .gathering a greasy handful of POWERHOUSE TALENT from all parts of the world. . .

Dying Doug Moench, from city-Chicago. . . his GHASTLY REUNION in this issue is a graphic-exercise in traumatic DRAMA. . .

Paranoic Pablo Marcos, of borough Bronx, (formerly famous all the way from Prostrate Peru to Maniacal Mexico). . . his astonishing treatment of *THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN* cover story in this issue guarantees this superb illustrator a prominent place in. . . comic chronicle's HISTORY. . .

Brain-bending Bill Payne of Toronto-up-north; he's presently hard-at-work on. . . *THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND*. . . a rather far-fetched horror-parody of what it's like to be an artist-macabre. . .

Drowning Dennis Fujitake. . . he emerged from the soft-soft waters of the South Pacific Islands to fable *THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT*. . . the strange chronicles of a man minus a mind. . .

Rabid Ramon Torrents hails from Barcelona, Spain. . . his remarkable graphic consistency in such already-published works as *THE ESSENTIAL HORROR, 300TH BIRTHDAY PARTY* and *BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT* will continue to grace the pages of *PSYCHO* and *NIGHTMARE*, as in the just-mentioned GHASTLY REUNION. . . and many more. . .

Creature-creator Cintron is of New York City. . . his talents are clearly clarified in the already-presented *ZOO FOR THE BEASTS OF THE UNIVERSE (NIGHTMARE #9)*. . . mood-team member *Cintron* will take over the continuous *NIGHTMARE* feature about our stone-feathered friends: *THE HUMAN GARGOYLES*. . . due to his adroit personal friendship with several local-spawned stone friends. . .

Expiring Ed Fedory of somewhere-upstate-we-never-heard-of. . . he's just this minute finished scripting *TAPESTRY OF BLOOD*. . . Actually, *Educator Ed* is now busy creating a new feature to implode the *HORROR-MOOD*. . . a bunch of. . . wierd looks at *'THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTH OF VAMPIRES . . . WEREWOLVES. . . GHOULS* . . . and so on. . . so keep your glassy-gleamy orbe-eyes glued hereabout for a gloomy glimpse at the the AWFUL TRUTH. . .

. . . you cretons out there. . . can stop sending in your contest entries for the *Brilliant Bill Everett* artwork . . . we selected *un-living Lee Groebner* of New Ulm, Minnesota as the winner (as announced in *NIGHTMARE #9* and the *NIGHTMARE ANNUAL #1*). . . another contest will be unleashed shortly. . .

Remember in the letters pages of *NIGHTMARE #9* we asked for your HELP in finding a solution for *Homicidal Herschel Waldman's* wife *Celia?*. . . seems our hatchet-holding *Hersch* would wake up in the middle of the night screaming: 'Pull it out . . . pull it out. . . the stake in my heart. . . KILLING ME!. . .' Well help wasn't far away. . . for *imprisoned Pablo Marcos'* wife-woman *Naughty Norma* came up with an ANSWER. . . she advises *Celia* to beat *husband Herschel* to the poetic punch by waking up a few minutes ahead of him screaming: '. . . the only costume I ever had in my whole life and it's a lousy BATMAN uniform. . .' *Naughty Norma Marcos* tried this with *Pablo* and it seems he stayed up all night just trying to figure out exactly what she MEANT. . .

THE PARANOIC PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD, SAYS PROVERBIAL *PABLO MARCOS*. . . LOOKING AT THIS WEIRD LITTLE SKETCH *PABLO* LEFT LYING AROUND THE OFFICE *NOBODY* IS GOING TO ARGUE WITH THE MIGHTY *'WRITER'* WHO'S WIELDING *THIS* POISONED PEN. . .

. . . we have selected a number of scripts from the more literary inclined of you who've sent in graphic works for *PSYCHO* and *NIGHTMARE* and they'll be appearing before long. . . but, for the present . . . check out the other half of our crippled couplet for the beginning of a continued series where YOU are the DREAMER. . . as we tell the story of YOUR *NIGHTMARE WORLD*. . .

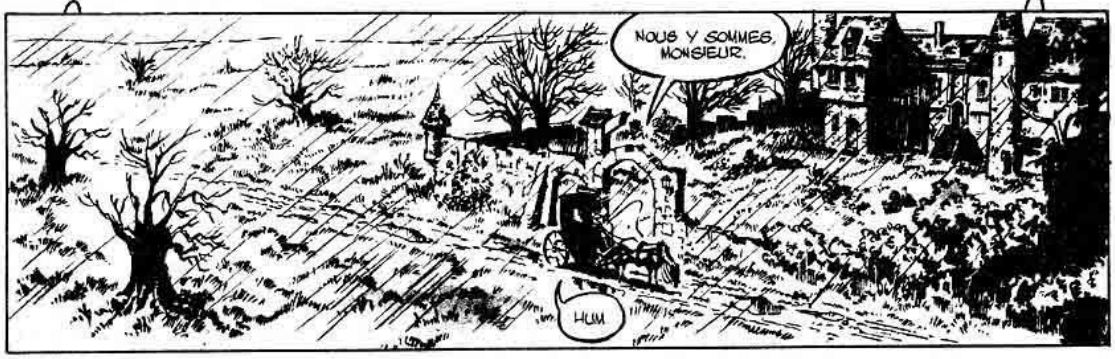
in the *NIGHTMARE ANNUAL #1* - *'IN A GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA'*. . . and in *NIGHTMARE #9* . . . *'CALL THEM GHOULS. . . TROLLS. . . . CALL THEM THINGS'*. . .

. . . THEN watch out for the future, for: *"THE BEASTS OF TOMB-BEACH"* and *"THEY CRAWLED OUT A CRATER. . ."* . . . all told by YOU. . . THEN get MORE of your dreadful dreams into the mail to us to further this popular new feature. . .

. . . compliments to the following scripters who sent in their work for *PSYCHO-NIGHTMARE* editorial consideration. . . *Jeff Anderson* of Grove City, Ohio, for *'FINAL REST'; Roger McKenzie* of Clearfield, Kentucky, for *'AXE-IDENT'; Walter Jaschek* of Jennings, Missouri, (say hello to fellow Missourian *Grotesque Gary Friedrich* for us, huh?), for his sword and sorcery saga: *'THEIR GODS SHALL CRUMBLE'; John Cardona* of Staten Island, New York for *'THE LEGEND OF CLAUDINE'*; and to *Richard Stooker* of the University of Missouri for his *'GAMES PEOPLE PLAY'*. . .

. . . here's some of the things coming up in *PSYCHO* and *NIGHTMARE* for your interest. . . there's not a SINGLE REASON ON EARTH we shouldn't let you in on all these weird works. . . besides. . . the SHOCK of these *HORROR-MOOD* surprises may be too much for you if we didn't tell you the titles in ADVANCE. . . and we wouldn't want your brain-pebbles to shake loose. . .

. . . now OFFICIALLY SCHEDULED for publication in upcoming-shortly issues are stories like: *'A PLOT OF DIRT'* by *Dying Doug Moench* and *Deathly De La Rosa; 'SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN'* by *Archaic Al* and *Viscious Vilanova; 'WITHIN DARKKOS MANSION'* by *Archaic Al* and *Paranoic Pablo Marcos; 'BLACK COM-*

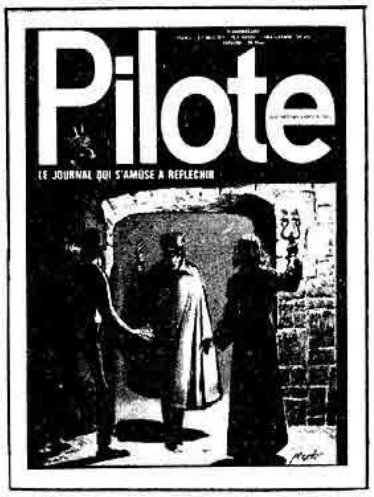


MUNION' by *Excited Ed Fedory* and *Deluded De La Rosa; 'ONE AND ONE EQUALS THREE'* by *Horrible Hewetson* and *Creepy Cintron; 'WHERE GOD'S ONCE STOOD'* by *Terrible T. Casey Brennen* and *Crabby Carlos Garzon; 'COBWEBS AND SPIDERS'* by *Noxious Nicola Cuti* and *Weird Wayne Howard; 'HOUSE OF DEMONS'* by *Krazy Kevin Pagan* and *Abominable Amador; 'A QUESTION OF IDENTITY'* by *Excruiating Ed Fedory* and *Creton Cesar* and *'TAR BABY'* by *Grotesque Gary Kaufman*. . .

. . . in the next issue of *NIGHTMARE (#10)* we'll be presenting an original unpublished macabre illustration by *Beastly Basil Wolverton* on these letters pages plus his pathetic photograph. . . *Brutish Basil*, whose weird works in the 30's, 40's and 50's (the 50's. . . oh. . .)!! were masterpieces of the macabre, is the man responsible for inspiring *Archaic Al* to be *alliterative*. . . that is. . . to write things like: madly-maniacal, brain-bending, heart-heaving. . . and so on. . . you'll learn all about this comics-macabre GENIUS if you'll check out that upcoming issue. . .

An APOLOGY. . . for not publishing the names of the cover artists in certain previous issues. . . readers like *Harvey Eston, Jack Brock, Lionel Britton, Lesley Smith, Shawn Connerty, Larry Zazelenchuk, Mary Ellen Carleton* and *Bill Wood* have written in to DEMAND we name names. . . okay people. . . for your interest here they are. . . *PSYCHO #6 - Vsegrelles; PSYCHO #7 - Vsegrelles; PSYCHO ANNUAL - Pujolar; NIGHTMARE #7 - Miralles; NIGHTMARE #8 - Vsegrelles; NIGHTMARE #9 - Miralles; NIGHTMARE ANNUAL - Fernando* . . . AND WE PROMISE (see contents pages this issue) to NAME all the cover artists in the FUTURE. . . okay?. . .

A word of thanks to fiend-friend *Jacques Boivin*, who - a few months ago - brought to our attention the excellent French comic-graphics journal. . . *PILOTE* (pronounced PEE-LOAT). This extra-ordinary vehicle frequently devotes many of its full-color pages to horror-works . . . featuring European artist's *Druillet, Alexis, Fred, Gir, Clave* and *Auclair* - superb, excellent illustrators All. . . we've never given a free plug to another magazine BEFORE and we're not likely to AGAIN. . . but we want to share with you a magazine that is an EXPERIENCE in comic art. *PILOTE* is not (we don't think) on sale in the States (well natch, it's all French!!) but if anyone wanted to send about 50¢ and 10¢ for postage and handling for a current issue editor *M. Dargaud* might be tempted to send a copy along. Our compliments for a superb magazine homme de *PILOTE*. . . we hope you don't mind our sharing *Fred's* fine art with our readers! *(PILOTE* - 12, Rue Blaise Pascal, 92 - Nsuilly-sur-Seine, Paris, France). . .



...BEAUTIFUL... RIGHT? THESE LITHE-LIMBED DELIGHTS COME FROM THE MAD MIND OF EMOTIONAL ERNIE COLON... 6 LUSCIOUS LOVELIES TO LEER AT...
R.I.P.

A QUESTION was recently raised when a certain rival publisher (who shall remain un-named) placed the following obscure (well THAT figures!!) and unWARRANted 'award' in the N.Y. Convention booklet he produced this year:

XEROX AWARD
To Skywald Publishing, whose apings of Creepy & Eerie (Psycho & Nightmare) gave no new meanings whatsoever to the word "imitate."

. . .to answer that question we ask a few ourselves. . .to be filled in by the author of that insert: QUESTION - In 1963 I spent $____ (fill in) on snow pake white paint with which I removed all those awful colours from the pages of my E.C. collection. . .so that it would cost me less money to publish them myself in black and white. .

QUESTION - In 1963 I spent ____ (fill in) man-hours locating all my favorite E. C. artists to get them to re-create all my favorite E. C. comics in black and white. . .

QUESTION - I gave ____ (fill in) issues of E.C. PICTO-FICTION to my printer in 1963 so he would understand what I meant when I said. . ."imitate. . .IMITATE. . . IMITATE E.C.!!"

huh??

. . .heh heh. . .he who laughs last is GROTESQUE. . .

THE MUCK OF MARSH AND SWAMP THAT SURROUNDS THIS COUNTRY CASTLE QUAKES AND UNNATURALLY HEAVES AS HEAVY FEET WADE THROUGH ITS MUDDY FLOOR CARRYING A PARCEL TREASURED AND PRIVATE -- A PERSONAL BURDEN -- ONESELF... FOR THIS LIMB-TORN INNOCENT IS POSSESSED BY THE OTHER... SHE THAT CARRIES ITS OWN PRIVATE SOUL IN THE FORM OF ANOTHER -- NEEDED TO REMAIN ON THIS SHALLOW GREEN PLAIN SOME SAD SATANIC SPAWNED FOOL ONCE-UPON-A-TIME NAMED EARTH-WORLD... THE CHILD IS NOW NEAR-MINDLESS IN HER OWN RIGHT... BUT HER NERVES AND TINY HEART STILL TWITCH WITH A MAD MEMORY OF THE WAY SHE ONCE WAS... BEFORE...
...THE TURN OF THE SCREW...
IN THE YEAR OF OUR CREATOR 1891 NOVELIST HENRY JAMES WROTE OF THE POSSESSION OF 2 INNOCENTS IN HIS HORROR MASTERPIECE... THE TURN OF THE SCREW... NOW, 81 YEARS LATER, THE DEMONS OF OTHER-LIFE CRY OUT AGAIN FOR THE FLESH OF THOSE-ALIVE... IN A PROUD UPDATING OF JAMES' CLASSIC RE-TITLED:
...SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN...
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

THIS MONTH, THIS YEAR, THE NEW GOVERNESS ARRIVED AT THE MANOR WITH A HEART AS INNOCENT AS SHE EXPECTED THE CHILDREN'S TO BE...
IMPRESSIVE!
THE ADVERTISEMENT PLACED IN THE TIMES PROMISED GOOD PAY AND PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS...
BUT NOTHING TO INDICATE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL HIDE-AWAY FROM THE WORLD AS THIS!
HEWETSON AND VILLANOVA
ARE YOU THE NEW GOVERNESS?
OOOH-- YOU STARTLED ME!
YOU MUST BE FLORA... WHY YES...I'M TO BE YOUR NEW GOVERNESS.
IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE I'VE HAD A SCHOOL CLASS OR HAD ANYONE TO LOOK AFTER ME...
WELL-- I'LL BE STARTING YOU OFF RIGHT AWAY TO SEE WHAT YOU KNOW... AND WE'LL BECOME GOOD FRIENDS I KNOW...
...GOOD HEAVENS...
WHO ON EARTH IS THAT? STANDING IN THE MUD!
WHY-- THERE'S NO ONE THERE!
DON'T BE SILLY FLORA... OF COURSE THERE IS! THAT WOMAN... DRESSED ALL IN BLACK...
THERE'S NO ONE...
...COME TO THE HOUSE NOW... MRS. GROSE WILL BE EXPECTING US!
...BUT FLORA... THAT WOMAN...
HOW'D YOU DO MUM...I'M MRS. GROSE... HOUSEKEEPER HERE AT THE MANOR...
...HOW WUS YOU'R TRIP?
WELL IT WAS FINE BUT... BUT I WAS JUST WALKING WITH FLORA AND I SAW A WOMAN... STANDING IN THE MARSH MUD...
A WOMAN?
MIGHT'VE BEEN ONE OF THE OTHER SERVANTS MUM...THERE ARE 5 OTHERS ON STAFF
...COME NOW AND GET SETTLED-IN AFTER YOU'R TRIP...

THE NEXT MORNING THE MATTER OF THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN HAVING SLIPPED HER MIND, THE GIRL GOES TO THE RAILWAY STATION TO MEET HER OTHER CHARGE...
...MASTER MILES...
WELCOME HOME...
AND WHO ARE YOU?
STATION
WHY I'M YOUR NEW GOVERNESS... ISN'T THAT WHY YOU WERE SENT HOME FROM SCHOOL?
I'VE BEEN EXPELLED!
EXPELLED... WHATEVER FOR?
IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME... BUT AS TO WHY... IF MY FATHER DOESN'T SEE FIT TO TELL YOU I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD!
DESPITE THE CHILD'S INITIAL RUDENESS THE THREE OF THEM GOT ALONG WELL... MILES QUICKLY PROVED HIMSELF TO BE CHARMING AND WELL-BEHAVED... AND LITTLE FLORA WAS THE BEST TEMPERED CHILD THE YOUNG GOVERNESS HAD EVER KNOWN...
STILL... THERE WERE YET QUESTIONS...
THE CHILDREN ARE VERY SECRETIVE MRS. GROSE... I DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH TO THEM SOMETIMES... AND MILES STILL WON'T TELL ME ABOUT HIS SCHOOL... WHY HE WAS KICKED OUT...
IT'S NOT SO SURPRISING...
...YOU'LL HAVE TO BE VERY KIND TO THEM...
THEY'RE EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED...
... A FEW MONTHS AGO THEIR OLDER BROTHER WAS... WAS KILLED... THEY WERE VERY CLOSE AND I THINK HIS DEATH...
DISTURBED THEM...
... JUST GIVE THEM SOME TIME... THEY'LL COME AROUND SOON ENOUGH-- YOU'RE A GOOD AND KIND WOMAN... THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY NEED RIGHT NOW...
A LOT OF KINDNESS... AND GOD KNOWS -- A LOT OF GOODNESS...

THEY PLAYED GAMES... FUN GAMES LIKE HIDE AND SEEK...
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN...
YES... NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO RUN AND HIDE... HIDE VERY WELL -- THIS IS A BIG HOUSE BUT WE KNOW EVERY NOOK ANDCRANNY...
ALRIGHT -- BUT THIS IS THE LAST GAME AND THEN IT'S OFF TO BED FOR BOTH OF YOU...
THESE GAMES CAN BE SO TIRING... THE INVENTIVENESS OF THE CHILDREN IS ENDLESS...
... MMMMMH... THE ATTIC... NEVER USED... AN EXCELLENT HIDING PLACE!
FILLED WITH JUNK AND...
...WHAT'S THIS?...
MY GOD... IT'S A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN I SAW IN THE MUD... WITH A MAN... WHO THO?...
EEEEAAAAUUAAAHHH
THAT FACE... AT THE WINDOW... HORRIBLE...
...BUT HOW'S IT POSSIBLE... WE'RE THREE FLOORS UP!
GONE NOW... WAIT A MOMENT... THAT FACE... THE SAME ONE IN THE PORTRAIT WITH THE WOMAN...
I WANT TO KNOW MRS. GROSE ... WHAT ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME?
WHY HAVE THE CHILDREN NEVER MENTIONED THESE PEOPLE... WHO ARE THEY? WHY HAVE THEY NEVER MENTIONED THEIR DEAD BROTHER...
...OR THEIR FATHER?

YOU'D BEST BE *SEATED* MUM...

...THIS STORY IS A... *STRANGE ONE...*

"THE *MASTER* OF THE HOUSE WAS VERY ATTACHED TO THE *BOY*... GAVE YOUNG *THOMAS* ALL HIS TIME... AND NEVER A *MOMENT* OF IT TO FLORA OR MILES... THEY CAME TO *RESENT* IT -- THEIR *BROTHER* AND THEIR *FATHER*..."

"...AND A FEW MONTHS AGO THEY CAUGHT THE BROTHER THOMAS IN THE *SNOW* AND ICE COVERED FRONT STEP OF THE MANOR AND... AND BRUTALLY *MURDERED HIM* WITH KNIVES STOLEN FROM THE KITCHEN..."

...OH... HOW *HORRIBLE*...

WELL *NATURALLY* THE FATHER *COVERED* FOR THEM WITH THE *POLICE*... BUT VOWED *NEVER* TO SPEAK TO THEM AGAIN -- THEN RAN OFF TO *LONDON*...

...BUT THE *MAN* AND THE *WOMAN*...

"PETER QUINT... THE MASTER'S '*MAN*'... HIS *BUTLER*... AND MISS JESSEL... THE FORMER *GOVERNESS*... THE MOST *EVIL* PAIR OF PEOPLE EVER TO *WALK THE EARTH* ... *PURE BRED EVIL*... ALTHOUGH THEY WEREN'T *MARRIED* THEY CAVORTED ALL OVER THE HOUSE AND *GROUNDS*... THE *PROBLEM* WAS THAT SINCE THE FATHER *IGNORED* FLORA AND MASTER MILES... THE CHILDREN BECAME *DEVOTED* TO QUINT AND JESSEL... AND *FOLLOWED THEM EVERYWHERE*..."

"...NOT THAT THERE WAS ANYTHING PARTICULARLY *EVIL* ABOUT *THAT*-- BUT *QUINT AND JESSEL* WERE *EVIL*... QUINT WOULD DAILY *THRASH THE HELL* OUT OF HIS *WOMAN*... TO THE MACABRE *DELIGHT* OF THE *WATCHING CHILDREN*..."

"BUT WHAT *HAPPENED* TO THEM?"

"QUINT KILLED THE WOMAN IN A FIT OF *ANGER* ONE NIGHT... THEN *DID AWAY* WITH HIMSELF... THE *CHILDREN*... THE CHILDREN *FOUND HIS BODY HANGING IN THE GARDEN SHED!*"

CHILDREN... TELL ME... WHY DO YOU NEVER SPEAK OF MR. QUINT OR MISS JESSEL OR...
... OR YOUR BROTHER THOMAS?..
MILES... MILES...
SHUT UP... SHUT UP DO YOU HEAR?
BUT MILES I...
SSSSSLLLAAPPHH
I SAID SHUT UP ABOUT THEM!
MILES!
LEAVE THE CHILDREN ALONE... COME TO ME FLORA... NOW IS THE TIME...
YES MISS JESSEL... YES OF COURSE...
GET OUT OF HERE... GET OUT OF THE CHILDREN'S LIVES...
...GHOUL...
GET AWAY...
COME MILES...
LISTEN WOMAN...
AND LISTEN WELL...
QUINT... LEAVE THE BOY...
GET BACK TO HELL!
WE HAVE A PURPOSE... THESE CHILDREN ARE NEEDED... LET US HAVE THEM AND WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN PEACE...
BUT OTHERWISE...
...OTHERWISE YOU'LL SUFFER!
SSSWWWHHHKKK
RATHER THAT I SUFFER THAN THE CHILDREN...
MY GOD -- THE SHOVEL WENT RIGHT THROUGH YOU...
SSSWOOSSSH
...ARE YOU NOT REAL?
WHEN WE HAVE THE CHILDREN WE WILL BE!

THEIR EYES... THE EYES OF THE DEMONS...
OH DEAR GOD
DEAR ALMIGHTY GOD... THEY'RE POSSESSED!
HOLD THEM!
THEY'RE ONLY CHILDREN...
THEY CEASED TO BE MERE CHILDREN A LONG TIME AGO...
I'M TAKING THEM TO LONDON... TO THEIR FATHER...
LET US GO...
YOU'RE MAD!
PERHAPS... I HOPE THAT I AM... THAT THIS IS ALL MY IMAGINATION -- YOU WERE TOO CLOSE TO THOSE TWO CHILDREN YOU WRETCHES...
...TOO CLOSE...
...YOU POSSESSED THEM WHEN YOU DIED... TOOK OVER THEIR INNOCENT DEVOTED MINDS... THEIR FATHER WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO...
...HE'LL KNOW...
YOU ARE INSANE WOMAN...
RUBBISH... UNMITIGATED UNADULTERATED RUBBISH...
GET OUT OF HERE... LEAVE MY CHILDREN BE...
GET AWAY... AND STAY AWAY OR I'LL HAVE YOU COMMITTED...
...FATHER...

DON'T CALL ME FATHER YOU INSOLENT WRETCH...
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE...
QUINT AND JESSEL... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D MAKE THINGS OBVIOUS WHEN YOU TOOK OVER THE CHILDREN...
WWWWRAKKKKK
WHEN I PERFORMED MY TAKE-OVER IT WAS WITH PROPRIETY AND SUBLIME DIGNITY...
...HUHH...
WE NEVER DID GET ALONG...YOU TWO AND I... WE CAN SEE THROUGH EACH OTHER WHETHER IN SPIRITUAL FORM OR IN EARTH-BOUND ENTITY...
WE MIGHT AS WELL REVERT TO OUR TRUE FORMS...
YOU... THE RIDICULOUS PAIR WHO KILLED YOURSELVES IN MOMENTS OF STUPIDITY... AND I... MURDERED BY A PAIR OF BACKWARD CHILDREN... MY BROTHER AND SISTER!
NOW YOU HAVE PAID THEM BACK FOR THEIR TREACHERY TO ME... AND NOW IF YOU CAN LEARN TO BECOME CIVILIZED - QUINT AND JESSEL -- YOU MIGHT BECOME HAPPY... LIKE ME...
...NOW AT ONE WITH MY DEAR FATHER!
YOU WANT TO SNATCH A LOOK AT THE EPITOME OF HORROR, DEAR READER? LOOK INTO THE BLOOD-BLACK HEARTS OF THESE DEAD THINGS...

. . . the story behind the scenes at one of the world's finest horror studios. . .

SCREAM SCREEN features - HAMMER HORROR'S GHOULS of the CINEMA!

The fear film feasts on Freud, it's been suggested, borrowing from his mind things dead and unconscious. . . things that come from INSIDE. . . unknown, undetectable, unctuous abominations and twists of snarling brain and soul. . . then blows them up to 25-30 feet on a motion picture screen and tells us to LAUGH!

Not many laughed at the '56 - '57 HAMMER release of 'THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN' a motion picture which thrust this small British movie company into the world limelight of horror, where it has been ever since. . . highly regarded. . . the co-ranking (with AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL) box-office commercial monster-maker of the 50's - 60's and 70's.

HAMMER have a trade mark in their films - it might be called GUT-HORROR, we think - it exploits traditional horror-fantasy in a style that gets in deep-to-the-core of the visual medium, feeding on corpses, curses, crabs, cadavers, cretons, creatures, creeps and certain kinds of crawlies! In fact and fantasy. . . this is what our feature is all about.

The movie going audiences of 1956 so quickly expressed their box-office appreciation to HAMMER that other films were immediately launched to follow the footsteps of CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. . .

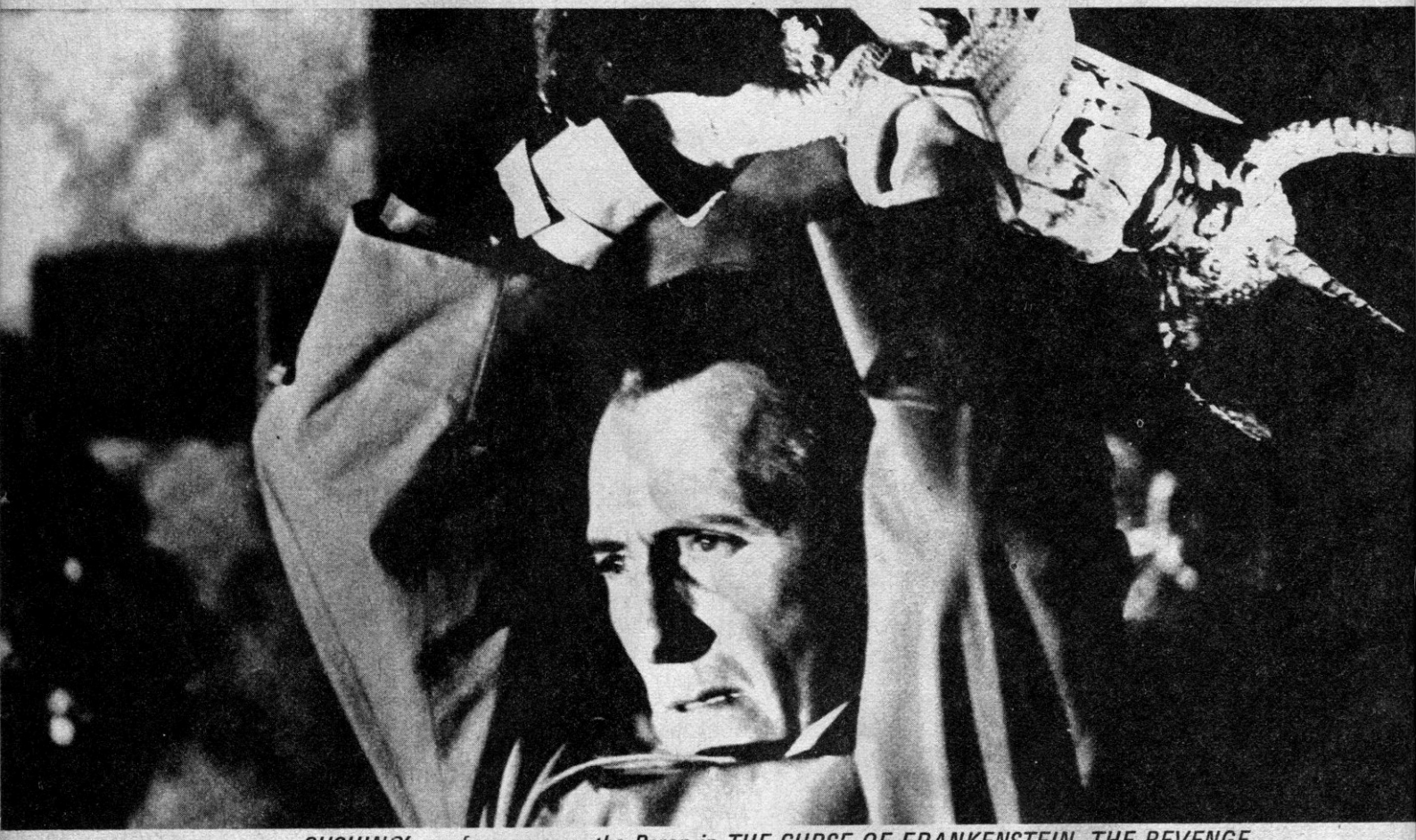
HAMMER President James Carreras has remarked: ". . . there are no pictures made anywhere in the world, with the exception of something like GONE WITH THE WIND, that have the type of financial return as do these horror films. . . "

Financing these color productions on a budget of about $600,000 the company soon realize a guaranteed return of double their investment within a few weeks on the world market.

The directors of HAMMER horror follow the style and habits established by the company's most prolific man-behind-the-camera. . . TERENCE FISHER. . . whose impressive portfolio includes: THE TWO FACES OF DR. JEKYLL and THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING. Directors include Silvio Narizzano for FANATIC, Joseph Losey for THE DAMNED, John Gilling for THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES and THE REPTILE, Don Sharp for RASPUTIN and Seth Holt for TASTE OF FEAR, whose direction of the academy award winner Bette Davis in THE NANNY changed a slow moving non-horror drama into one of the most explosive suspense-horror films ever made; and a proud addition to an already impressive history of American films for the astounding Miss Davis (no foreigner to the movie macabre, for her startling performances as Charlotte in HUSH. . . HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE in 1964 and as the brain-bent Baby Jane in WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? of 1961, are so impressive as horrific pace-setters to the style of the modern screen drama, that we'll soon be reviewing them in an up-coming issue).

Many performers of international note have acted before the HAMMER cameras, including Sir Donald Wolfit, Richard Wordsworth, Tallulah Bankhead, Ann Todd, Marie Ney and Bette Davis.

Yet there are two men whose very NAMES make you THINK of HAMMER. . .although both have appeared in countless films of numerous other companies. . .and throughout the world's stage. . .PETER CUSHING and CHRISTOPHER LEE. . .

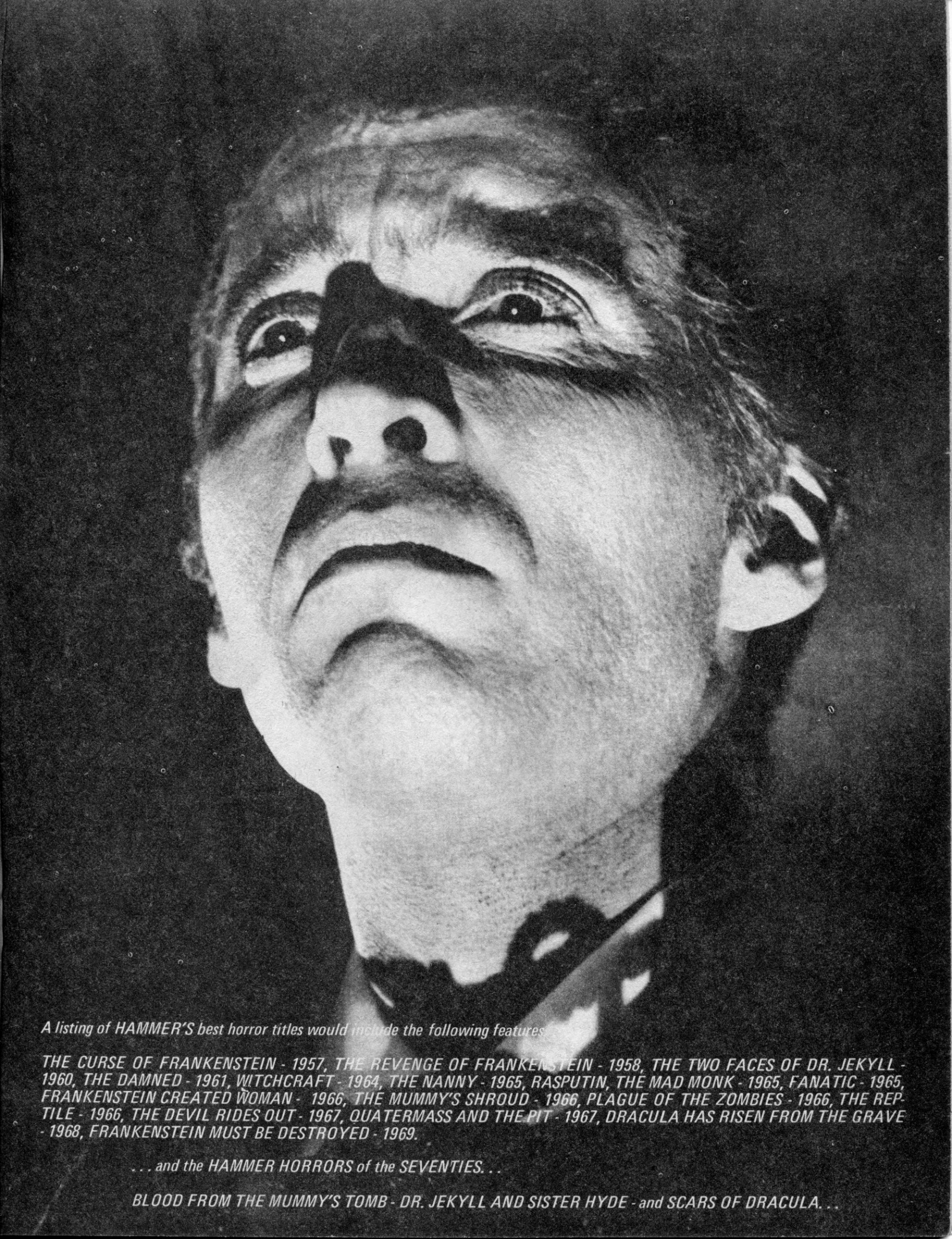


CUSHING's performances as the Baron in THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN and FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED are perhaps the most remembered, for his portrayals captured the heart of Shelley's original character. His candor, moments of utter brutality - sudden ineffectuality, and wonderful facial expressions while blatantly lying to officialdom, all make this character actor's portrayals on the SCREAM SCREEN a memorable exercise in horror-drama.

CUSHING and LEE often appear together. . . LEE playing the Count and CUSHING the Count-hunter. . . or CUSHING as the Baron and LEE as the mad creation of his inevitably questioned sense of human values. . .

. . . it must be said that CHRISTOPHER LEE's portrayal of Count Dracula is powerful in that it is much closer to Bram Stoker's original Dracula than the highly stylized casting of BELA LUGOSI. LUGOSI was no slouch, but his effect seemed more like Count Lugosi than Stoker's bitter, powerful, gray-haired old man. LEE doesn't dye his hair gray exactly, but his manner, visciousness, and style of 'attack' in films such as the recent DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE, are graceful, lithe and complimentary to brother scripter-macabre Bram.

What we're waiting for is HAMMER to figure out some sound and feasible way to bring the depraved Baron and the blood Count together in the SAME FILM. . . and knowing HAMMER. ... they just MIGHT!



A listing of HAMMER'S best horror titles would include the following features:

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN - 1957, THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN - 1958, THE TWO FACES OF DR. JEKYLL - 1960, THE DAMNED - 1961, WITCHCRAFT - 1964, THE NANNY - 1965, RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK - 1965, FANATIC - 1965, FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN - 1966, THE MUMMY'S SHROUD - 1966, PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES - 1966, THE REPTILE - 1966, THE DEVIL RIDES OUT - 1967, QUATERMASS AND THE PIT - 1967, DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE - 1968, FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED - 1969.

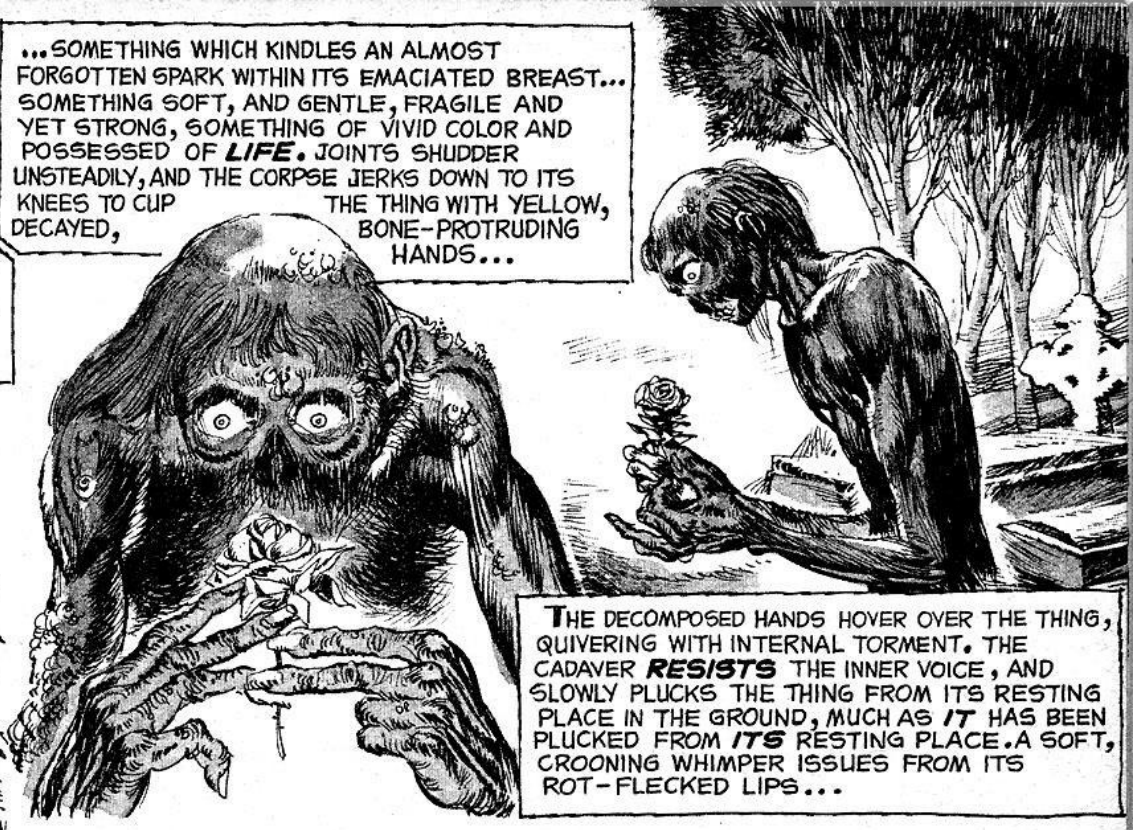
. . . and the HAMMER HORRORS of the SEVENTIES. . .

BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB - DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE - and SCARS OF DRACULA. . .

KICKS ARE INTANGIBLE AND UNDEFINABLE SENSATIONS DERIVED FROM EXPERIENCING THAT WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN EXPERIENCED BEFORE. AS EACH SOURCE FOR KICKS IS EXHAUSTED IN TURN, THE BORED AND JADED ONES WHO STILL HUNGER FOR FURTHER KICKS PROGRESS ON TO NEWER AND MORE UNLIKELY SOURCES...EVEN MACABRE SOURCES...
THIS IS REALLY FAR OUT, MAN--I EXPECT TO SEE BELA LUGOSI COME TRUCKIN' OUT FROM BEHIND ONE OF THESE HEADSTONES ANY MINUTE...
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, MAN, BUT THIS GRASS IS REALLY GIVIN' ME A BUZZ. I FEEL LIKE THE GROUND'S SHAKIN' RIGHT UNDER ME...
PHILIP DAVOREN 1945-1971 MOENCH AND DELA ROSA
I LOVE NO WAR
HOWEVER, NOT ALL NEW OR UNIQUE EXPERIENCES ARE CATEGORIZED AS KICKS. FOR INSTANCE: THE ABRUPT BURSTING OF A GNARLED AND CLUTCHING HAND THROUGH THE PACKED EARTH OF A BURIAL MOUND, AND THE SENSATION INDUCED WHEN THAT DIRT-CLUSTERED HAND BLINDLY GRASPS AT ONE'S ARM...
WHAT IN THE--?!! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS PUTTIN' THE GRAB ON YOU, MAN, BUT I'M NOT WAITIN' AROUND TO SEE IF IT'S AN HALLUCINATION--!
AAAAAHHHHH!!!
AND THEREFORE, THOSE NEW EXPERIENCES WHICH ARE NOT DEFINED AS KICKS ARE INVARIABLY AVOIDED WITH HASTE AND AT ANY COST...
LET GO YOUR STINKIN' MITT OFF ME--I GOT PLACES TO GO!!!
I SWEAR IT--THIS TIME I MEAN IT--NEVER AGAIN--REALLY, THAT'S THE LAST TIME I PUFF ON ANY WEED!
THE HOARSE SHRIEKS OF TERROR FADE INTO THE SOMBER NIGHT, AND THERE IS SILENCE EXCEPT FOR THE MUTED RUSTLE OF DISPLACED EARTH...
PHILIP DAVOREN 1945-1971
...THE CRUNCHING BURST OF A HIDEOUS OBJECT THROUGH A YEAR'S ACCUMULATION OF GRASS AND FLOWERS...AND THE STREAMING CASCADE OF DIRT OFF A MOLDERING, ANIMATED CADAVER TAKING ITS LEAVE OF...
A PLOT of DIRT

ROTTING FLESH HANGS IN FLAPPING TATTERS OF FESTERING PUTREFACTION, AND THE CORPSE WHICH HAS BEEN GRIMLY SNATCHED FROM THE REAPER'S EMBRACE BEGINS TO ***MOVE,*** TO SHAMBLE FORWARD UPON GROTESQUELY DISINTEGRATED LEGS--AN INNER VOICE ***IMPELLS*** IT TO MOVE, A VOICE IT CANNOT IGNORE... AND YET, AND YET IT ***PAUSES,*** ITS FUNGI-FILMED EYE ***CAUGHT*** BY SOMETHING...

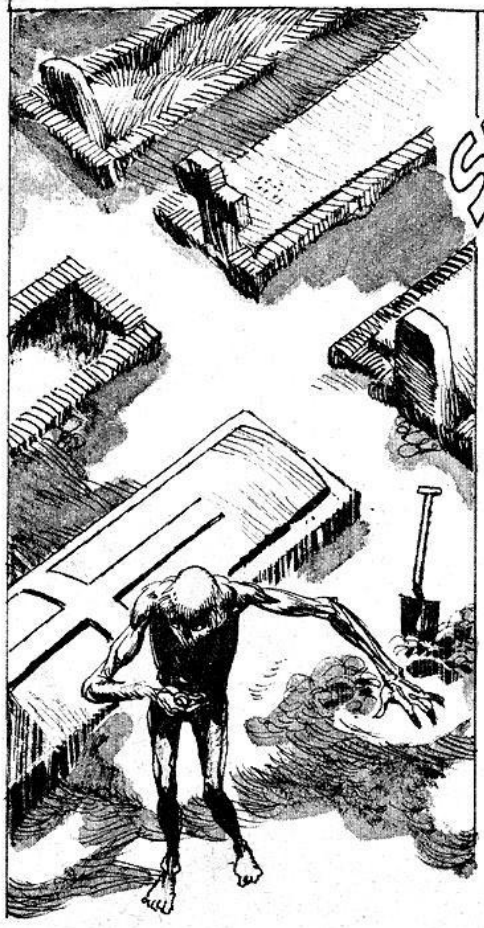
...SOMETHING WHICH KINDLES AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN SPARK WITHIN ITS EMACIATED BREAST... SOMETHING SOFT, AND GENTLE, FRAGILE AND YET STRONG, SOMETHING OF VIVID COLOR AND POSSESSED OF ***LIFE.*** JOINTS SHUDDER UNSTEADILY, AND THE CORPSE JERKS DOWN TO ITS KNEES TO CUP THE THING WITH YELLOW, DECAYED, BONE-PROTRUDING HANDS...



THE DECOMPOSED HANDS HOVER OVER THE THING, QUIVERING WITH INTERNAL TORMENT. THE CADAVER ***RESISTS*** THE INNER VOICE, AND SLOWLY PLUCKS THE THING FROM ITS RESTING PLACE IN THE GROUND, MUCH AS ***IT*** HAS BEEN PLUCKED FROM ***ITS*** RESTING PLACE. A SOFT, CROONING WHIMPER ISSUES FROM ITS ROT-FLECKED LIPS...

...AND ***TEARS*** WELL UP BEHIND PETRIFIED EYE-SOCKETS, BRIM OVER MAGGOT-EATEN EYELIDS, AND INCONGRUOUSLY STREAM DOWN THE GHASTLY RUIN OF ITS CHEEKS...

AND THEN THE INNER VOICE BEGINS TO ***ITCH*** AT THE CORPSE'S DECOMPOSED BRAIN, BEGINS TO ***GNAW*** AT IT WITH SHARP TEETH OF FIRE. THE VOICE IS NOT TO BE IGNORED; IT IS TO BE ***OBEYED.*** THE REPUGNANT PARODY OF A MAN STAGGERS TO ITS FEET, AND SHUFFLES AWAY FROM ITS GRAVE, TOWARD THE ***VOICE...***



...THE VOICE WHICH PROMISES EXCRUXIATING AGONY IF IT IS IGNORED, THE VOICE WHICH IRRESISTABLY CALLS, COME TO ME, COME TO ME, FOLLOW MY VOICE, LET ***NO OBSTACLE*** STOP YOU, ***COME*** TO ME...

...THE SLOW, CHANTING VOICE, THE SOFT, MONOTONOUS, BUTTERSWEET VOICE, THE SONOROUS, SIBILANT VOICE, THE EVIL VOICE, THE VOICE WHICH SOLEMNLY INTONES...
COME TO ME, COME TO ME, FOLLOW MY VOICE, LET NO OBSTACLE STAND IN YOUR WAY...
...LET NOTHING STAND IN YOUR WAY... NEITHER THE DEATH OF YOURSELF...
GOOD GOD! WHAT IS IT--?!!!
HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE... STOP IT-- GET RID OF IT...
ALL RIGHT-- HOLD IT!
...NOR THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO SURROUND YOU... COME TO ME, COME TO ME...
BAFFF!
IT'S NOT REAL--IT CAN'T BE-- NOTHING CAN KNOCK A MAN ASIDE THAT EASILY--!
... COME TO ME, MY VOICE WILL DRAW YOU TO ME, THE PULL OF MY VOICE WILL SUCK YOU TO ME, COME TO ME...
S-SOMEBODY... CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS... TELL THEM... WHAT HAPPENED... QUICKLY...
STILL THE VOICE HISSES AND LASHES THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR, KNOWING NO BOUNDARIES, NONE OF THE LIMITATIONS WHICH GOVERN NORMAL SOUNDS... A DEEP, RESONANT VOICE, A VOICE FORGED IN HELL AND REFINED IN SORCERY...
...LET NOTHING STOP YOU... NOTHING CAN HURT YOU... YOU ARE BEYOND HURT... YOU CANNOT DIE... YOU ARE DEAD... NOTHING CAN STOP YOU...

...NOTHING AT ALL... NEITHER MAN, NOR...
...ANY MATERIAL BARRIERS... COME TO ME... WALK THROUGH HELL AND COME TO ME...
...YOU KNOW THE WAY... YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE... YOU KNOW THE WAY... COME TO ME... FOLLOW MY VOICE...
WHAPF!
Uhhhhnnnn!
YER-EEEEEEESSHH!!
MEMORY HAS SHREDDED WITH THE RENDING DISINTEGRATION OF THE PESTILENTLY DEFORMED CORPSE'S MIND... YES THIS MAN WHO STANDS WITHIN CAREFULLY CHALKED PERIMETERS STRAINS FOR FAMILIARITY... AND TOO, THE NAME HE HAS SPOKEN IS FAMILIAR, PHILIP DAVOREN, SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE, THE NAME IS FAMILIAR...
YES, PHILIP, I'VE FOUND A WAY TO TORMENT YOU EVEN BEYOND THE VEIL OF DEATH. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, PHILIP? DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID TO ME? CAN'T YOU SEE IT ALL AGAIN, RIGHT NOW?
...OPEN THE DOOR... OPEN THE DOOR... AND ENTER...
...ENTER TO FACE ME! FACE THE ONE TO WHOM YOU DEALT SUCH EVIL--THE ONE WHO VOWED NEVER TO LET YOU CEASE SUFFERING--THE ONE WHO REFUSES TO LET DEATH CHEAT HIM OF TORMENTING YOU! FACE ME, PHILIP DAVOREN, AND KNOW THAT I WILL HAVE MY FULL REVENGE UPON YOU!

BUT THE STENCH-REEKING CORPSE REMEMBERS NOTHING ELSE, FOR HOW CAN A DEAD MAN REMEMBER ANYTHING? MUTE, ITS WARPED AND CRUSTY FEATURES CREASE IN LINES OF PATHETIC CONFUSION. IT STRUGGLES TO MOVE, BUT FINDS ITSELF FIRMLY ROOTED, AS IF THE VOICE HAS SILENTLY FORBADE IT SUCH LUXURIES...
YOU REALLY CAN NOT REMEMBER, CAN YOU? IT IS JUST AS WELL, PHILIP, BECAUSE NEVER KNOWING WHY YOU SUFFER WILL INDUCE EVEN MORE SUFFERING. YOU CANNOT BE KILLED, PHILIP, AND YET... NEITHER CAN YOU LIVE. YOU ARE IMPRISONED, TRAPPED IN THAT OBSCENE, ROTTING, VERMIN-INFESTED HUSK OF OOZING FLESH!
MEN, AND YES, WOMEN-- WOMEN WILL SHRIEK AND FLEE AT THE MERE SIGHT OF YOU! YOU SHALL BE SHUNNED BY ALL--ALONE FOR ALL ETERNITY--ALONE! DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH HOMELESS, FRIENDLESS AND DEATHLESS! UGLY BEYOND BELIEF--HOUNDED BY ALL WHO SEE YOU AND HAVE THE COURAGE TO BAND AGAINST YOU!
THE WORDS PUMMEL AGAINST THE INANIMATE CADAVER'S TWISTED EARS, FILL ITS MIND WITH UNUTTERABLE CONFUSION AND DIM, MUDDLED WONDERING. BUT THE VOICE WHICH TRANSMITS THOSE WORDS FILLS IT WITH AWE, AND RUTHLESSLY ABORTS ANY ATTEMPTS AT REMEMBRANCE...
BUT EVEN THAT HORRENDOUS, PITIFUL EXISTENCE WILL NOT FULLY REPAY YOU FOR THE TORMENT YOU'VE CAUSED ME--AND SO I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU TO PERFORM. AGAIN YOU WILL FOLLOW MY VOICE, BUT AWAY FROM HERE--YOU WILL GO WHERE MY VOICE COMPELLS YOU TO GO...
...AND DO WHAT MY VOICE ORDERS YOU TO DO! NOW GO-- LEAVE THIS PLACE AND FOLLOW MY VOICE...
ONCE AGAIN THE CHAOTIC VOICE POUNDS DIRGE-LIKE FUNERAL CHORDS WITHIN THE MONSTROSITY'S BRAIN. AND ONCE AGAIN IN MINDLESS OBEISANCE, THE GAUNT FIGURE SHAMBLES TO ITS BIDDING, A LOATHSOME HARRIDAN MARIONETTE JERKING TO THE SOUND-STRINGS OF ITS PUPPETEER MASTER, A DIABOLICAL GIUPETTO...

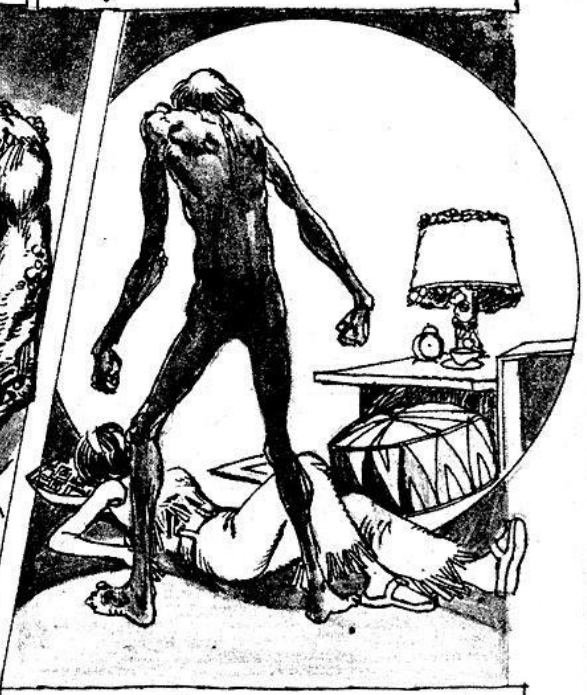
SLIMY GOBBETS OF WITHERING FLESH DRIPS FROM THE SHUFFLING FORM WITH EACH UNCERTAIN BUT INEXORABLY FORCED STEP... THE VOICE BURNS AND SEARS WITHIN ITS AGONIZED HEAD, ITCHING AND FLAYING, TAUNTING AND COMMANDING... GO, YOU GROTESQUE MOCKERY OF DEATH, GO WITH MY VOICE, GO...
...GO WITH MY VOICE... FORWARD... EVER FORWARD... DO NOT STOP FOR ANYTHING...
BLAM BDAM
BLAM BDAM!
POLICE
YAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
...NOTHING AT ALL... NOTHING CAN HARM YOU... NOTHING CAN STOP YOU...
SKRASSS
HHHH!
ONWARD, EVER FOLLOWING THE VOICE AND ITS RELENTLESS INSTRUCTIONS, THE SORCEROUSLY EXHUMED CADAVER SHAMBLES AND SHUFFLES, ONWARD, FORWARD, DOWN A GLOOMY SIDE STREET, TOWARD A HOUSE, AND TOWARD A SPLASH OF AMBER LIGHT SPILLING FROM THAT HOUSE...
AND, ATTRACTED TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE VOICE'S COMPULSION TO GO TO IT, THE ETERNAL CORPSE PEERS WITHIN... ITS OOZE-SLIMED EYES FOCUSING ON A GIRL, A GIRL HUNCHED AT HER DESK, SOBBING QUIETLY...
OH, PHILIP, PHILIP, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE? SOB IT... IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR, AND STILL I FIND NO COMFORT FROM ANYONE ELSE... STILL I LONG FOR YOU, PHILIP...
THE VOICE REVERBERATES VIOLENTLY WITHIN THE RESTLESS CORPSE'S TORTURED SKULL... ENTER, ENTER THE HOUSE WITH STEALTH... CLIMB THROUGH THE WINDOW... GO TO THE GIRL... GO TO HER...
SOB I... I KNOW IT WAS CRAIG WHO MURDERED YOU... BUT HE'S TOO RICH, PHILIP, HE HAS TOO MANY FRIENDS, TOO MUCH POWER... THEY'LL NEVER PUNISH HIM, PHILIP, CAN'T YOU SEE? WHEREVER YOU ARE, CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I TRIED TO MAKE THEM REALIZE HE KILLED YOU...?

THE VOICE DRIVES THE PITIFUL GROTESQUERIE ONWARD...GO TO THE GIRL...GO TO HER AND KILL HER... AND THEN IT SEES THE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH, OF A YOUNG MAN... A YOUNG MAN'S FACE WHICH STRIKES A RESPONSIVE CHORD DEEP WITHIN ITS SUNKEN BREAST...THE CORPSE HAS SEEN THE FACE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH OFTEN, LONG AGO...IN THE MIRROR...
OH, PHILIP, I ACHE TO SEE YOUR HANDSOME FACE AT MY DOOR AGAIN-- WOULD THAT YOU COULD COME BACK TO ME... ≥SOB≤
Love Philip
THE VOICE SCREAMS...KILL HER...SHE WANTED ONLY YOU...NOW I'M SENDING YOU TO HER...KILL HER... COMPLETE MY REVENGE... SUFFER MORE BY KILLING HER YOURSELF... THE SCABROUS CORPSE STEPS FORWARD TO OBEY, AND ITS SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH-- THE GIRL WHIRLS IN SHOCK, AND HER FACE--THOUGH TERRIFIED-- IS SOMETHING SOFT, AND GENTLE, FRAGILE AND YET STRONG, OF VIVID COLOR AND POSSESSED OF LIFE...
...OH MY GOD...
Love Philip
NOW TRIGGERED, THE MEMORY SURGES IN UPON THE HESITATING CADAVER, SUMMONING IMAGES, WORDS, EMOTIONS... FIRST, THE ANNOUNCEMENT...
I'M SORRY, CRAIG, BUT PHILIP HAS ALREADY PROPOSED TO ME-- AND I'VE ACCEPTED.
WHAT--?! YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY HIM-- A POOR SLOB WHO'S NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING BUT BAKED BEANS AND A RUN-DOWN HOVEL--WHEN I'VE PROPOSED TO YOU?!! ALL RIGHT--BUT...
...REMEMBER THIS! YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT-- BOTH OF YOU! I'LL MAKE YOU BOTH SUFFER MORE THAN THE IMAGINATION CAN HINT AT!
...MEMORY RETURNED BY TWO FACES, ONE BEAUTIFUL, A FACE THE CORPSE LOVED ONCE... AND THE OTHER FRAMED, ITS OWN FACE...
THE VOICE SHRIEKS ITS ORDER OF DESTRUCTION WITHIN THE THING'S MIND... AND A FILTH-IMMERSED FIST RAISES IN OBEDIENCE AS THE GIRL CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR IN FRIGHTENED OBLIVION. THE FIST FALTERS--SOMETHING STRONGER THAN THE VOICE STAYS IT--MEMORY STAYS THE FIST...
...THEN THE MEMORY OF HOW HE HAD SUFFERED--BY HIS DEATH, A FLASHING GLIMPSE OF CRAIG, THE SINISTER GLINTING OF A GUN BARREL, AND A ROARING EXPLOSION IN THE NIGHT, PAIN IN HIS CHEST, AND NOTHINGNESS...
BLAAMM!
...AND THE REALIZATION OF HOW MARY MUST HAVE SUFFERED-- SUFFERED MORE THAN DEATH HAD CAUSED HIM TO SUFFER... BECAUSE SHE HAD LIVED TO ENDURE THE LONELINESS OF A HAPPINESS SHATTERED BEFORE IT COULD BEGIN...

AND NOW THE WICKED ONE CALLED CRAIG HAD SOUGHT TO ***PROLONG*** THE SUFFERING--FOR HIM, BY FORCING THIS WRETCHED, WALKING UN-LIFE UPON HIM AND BY TRYING TO FORCE HIM TO ***MURDER*** HIS BELOVED MARY...

...AND FOR MARY, BY SENDING THE HIDEOUS MONSTER OF HIS DEATH TO HER, AND INTENDING TO CAUSE HER DEATH AT HER LOVER'S HANDS... AND ***AFTER*** HER DEATH?--A ***YEAR*** AFTER HER DEATH, WHEN HER BEAUTIFUL FORM HAS ALSO BECOME MAGGOT-CHEWN AND DISEASED... PERHAPS A SIMILAR POST-DEATH FATE FOR HER ***TOO....?***

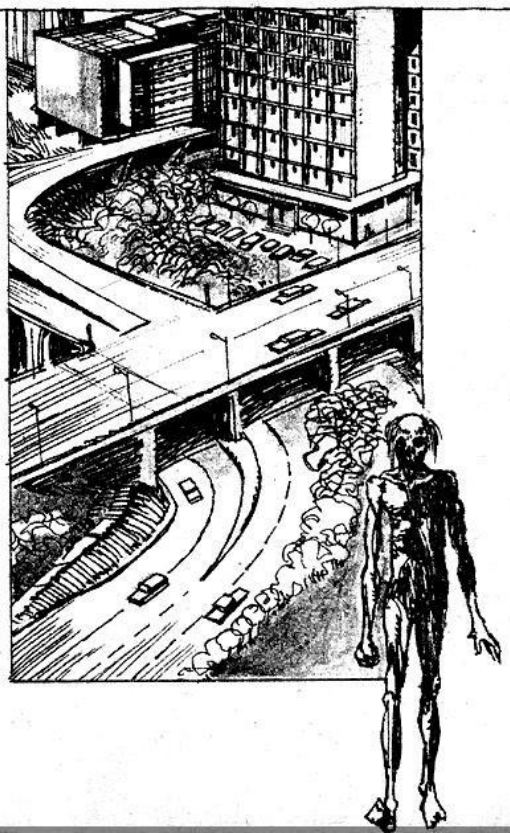
THE VOICE IN ITS MIND BELLOWS, KILL HER, ***KILL*** HER, YOU DAMNED MONSTER, KILL HER! BUT A LOUDER VOICE, ITS OWN VOICE, RISES LOUDER, IS UNABLE TO TRAVEL THROUGH CORRUPTED VOCAL CHORDS, BUT RISES LOUDER WITHIN ITS MIND AND SHRIEKS LOUDER, NO, NO--THIS I WILL ***NOT*** DO!



THE CORPSE KNOWS IT WILL NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO CRADLE THE GIRL MARY WITHIN ITS BLIGHTED ARMS--BUT NEITHER WILL IT CRUSH THE LIFE FROM HER WITH THOSE ARMS... DETERMINATION, NOT THE SORCEROR'S VOICE, NOW ANIMATES IT, ENABLES IT TO ***DEFY*** THE ECHOING COMMANDS WITHIN ITS BRAIN... GO BACK, GO ***BACK***, STAY AWAY, THE HORRIBLE VOICE SAYS IN MOUNTING HORROR. BUT INSTEAD, IT ***WALKS ON...***

NEW STRENGTH COURSES THROUGH ITS NON-VEINS, NEW PURPOSE OPERATES ATROPHIED AND USELESS MUSCLES... AND RAGE ENDOWS IT WITH THE WILL TO PLOW THROUGH THE VIRTUALLY TANGIBLE WALL OF OPPOSITION WHICH IS THE VOICE IN ITS BRAIN...

NO LONGER IS HE A MERE CORPSE. NOW A SENSE OF ***IDENTITY***, A SENSE OF ***PURPOSE*** FILLS HIM. NO LONGER IS HE DEAD--NOW HE ***LIVES!*** NO LONGER IS HE A ***MINDLESS ZOMBIE***--NOW HE IS POSSESSED OF A ***WILL*** OF HIS ***OWN!*** NOW HE IS A ***MAN!*** AND A TRUE MAN ***RESISTS*** THE VOICE OF EVIL, EVEN THE VOICE OF EVIL WHICH DESPERATELY ***SEETHES*** THROUGH HIS MIND... STOP, GO BACK, ***KILL*** HER...



YOU REALLY BELIEVE WHAT DAVIS SAID ABOUT SOME MONSTER ATTACKING HIM? SOME CORPSE OR SOMETHING...? I MEAN, HE MIGHT'VE BEEN DELIRIOUS, YOU KNOW.
THEN IF IT'S TRUE, AND IF BULLETS DIDN'T STOP IT... WHAT DO WE DO IF WE MEET UP WITH IT...?
MOSTLY, I GUESS WE PRAY-- BUT WE'VE GOT SOMETHING BESIDES BULLETS IN THE BACK OF THE CAR THAT SHOULD-- LOOK, THERE IT IS! THE DOORMAN'S CALL FROM THAT BUILDING WAS THE TIP-OFF ALL RIGHT...
WE HAVE TO BELIEVE HIM. BESIDES, A PATROL CAR WAS SMASHED TO SCRAP METAL EARLIER TONIGHT TOO. ONE OF THE MEN SURVIVED--AND HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE THING THAT DID IT MATCHED WHAT DAVIS SAID. AND ON TOP OF THAT, THERE'VE BEEN A DOZEN CITIZEN REPORTS. SOMETHING UNNATURAL IS GOING ON...
...KEEP BACK, STAY AWAY, OBEY ME... THE VOICE BOOMS FRANTICALLY. NO, COUNTERS THE VOICE WITHIN THE CORPSE THAT IS PHILIP DAVOREN. NO, I WILL FOLLOW YOUR VOICE, AND REACH YOU...
THE DOOR SHATTERS INWARD IN A SPLINTERING HAIL OF SLIVERED WOOD CHIPS BENEATH THE DRIVING ONSLAUGHT THAT IS THE DEAD PHILIP DAVOREN... AND NOTHING CAN NOW STOP HIM FROM REACHING HIS ARCANE RESURRECTOR...
BRA-KRASSSHH!
NO! STAY AWAY--GO BACK, KILL HER! SHE SPURNED ME--FOR YOU! SHE MUST DIE--AND YOU MUST KILL HER! YOU FOOL--YOU CAN'T REACH ME THROUGH THE PENTAGRAM--THE LINES OF IT WILL STOP YOU-- BUT YOU MUST GO BACK AND KILL HER!
PHILIP DAVOREN KNOWS THE SHRILL WORDS TO BE TRUE--HE IS BLOCKED FROM HIS OBJECTIVE BY AN INVISIBLE AURA EXTENDING UPWARD FROM THE CHALKED LINES OF THE PENTAGRAM... FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMS HE HAS BEEN DEFEATED...
...BUT NOT FOR LONG. ALL THE RAGE WITHIN HIM IS CONCENTRATED IN ONE DEMENTED BLOW-- THE CHAIN SNAPS LIKE ROTTEN THREAD...
SPAK!

...AND THE IMMENSE CHANDELIER, A FINAL SYMBOL OF CRAIG'S INFLUENTIAL WEALTH, PLUMMETS DOWN TO SNUFF ITSELF AND THE LIFE OF ITS OWNER IN ONE TREMENDOUS CRASH...

KER-AASSSHHHH

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

SCARCELY HAS THE AWESOME NOISE OF THE CRASH DIED BEFORE THE PERPETUAL DEFENDERS OF THE LAW AND OCCASIONAL PASSERS OF JUDGEMENT RUSH INTO THE APARTMENT...

OKAY, ED--THIS IS *IT*--TURN 'EM ON ***FULL FORCE!***

...AND HAVE OCCASION TO PASS SWIFT JUDGEMENT ON PHILIP DAVOREN... SURELY IT IS APPARENT WHO IS THE MONSTER ***HERE***--A YOUNG, HANDSOME ***MAN*** HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED IN THE PRIME OF HIS LIFE, AND A HORRENDOUS FIGURE OF ***DEATH*** STANDS AT THE MURDER SCENE...THE ROTTEN CORPSE IGNITES SWIFTLY, ACRIDLY, AND BURNS ***WELL***...

FWOOOSHHH!

I ***TOLD*** YOU THESE FLAME-THROWERS'D WORK!

...AND, CURIOUSLY, WITHOUT OFFERING ANY ***RESISTANCE***, PHILIP DAVOREN DIES FOR A ***SECOND*** TIME, PERHAPS KNOWING PEACE FOR THE ***FIRST*** TIME. AND HE DIES ***TOUCHING*** SOMETHING...

...SOMETHING SOFT, AND GENTLE...

...FRAGILE AND YET STRONG...

...SOMETHING OF FADED COLOR, AND ***NO LONGER*** POSSESSED OF ***LIFE***...

AND IN THE MORNING, JUDGEMENT IS ONCE AGAIN, AS EVER, PASSED...

LOUSY HIPPIES-MUST'VE BROKEN IN HERE AGAIN LAST NIGHT! STEALING ***CORPSES NOW***-- WHERE WILL IT ALL ***END?***

CRUNCH!

PHILIP DAVOREN
1945-1971

BETWEEN THE SHEETS OF NIGHTED MIST... BETWIXT THE PLANES OF MENTAL ACTIVITY, THE FIGURES OF THE PAST BECOME AKIN WITH THE PRESENT!! WE ARE DRAGGED... NAY, TORN FROM THE COMMON LIFE-STREAMS OF HUMANITY, TO DWELL IN THE GLORIES THAT WERE, AND THE TIMES THAT ARE NO LONGER!!!
A QUESTION OF IDENTITY!!
WHERE ARE YOU??
WHERE ARE YOU??!
WHERE...
WHERE...
WHERE...
NO, LEAVE ME!! LEAVE ME!!!
WHY DO YOU PLAGUE ME WITH YOUR QUESTIONS!!?
WHY!!?
MUST KNOW...
MUST KNOW...
MUST KNOW...
WE MUST KNOW!!
FEDORY AND ZESAR 4-72

TO WHAT NAME DO YOUR PARENTS ANSWER ??
TO WHAT NAME....
NAME??..
NAME??...
NAME??..
NAME??...
NAME??..
NAME??..
NAME??..
....VON ZORKA!!!
A NAME.?? DO NOT PLAY ME FOR A FOOL!!
YOU ARE LIKE THE IGNORANT RABBLE OVER WHICH MY FATHER RULES!!
HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OR FEARED THE NAME WE BEAR???....
ENOUGH OF YOUR QUESTIONS....
...BEGONE!!!
YOU HAVE TRIED MY PATIENCE...
...DO NOT TEMPT MY WRATH!!!
SOMEWHERE, ON ANOTHER SHORE OF TIME.....
SSSSHHHHHH!! LEAVE HER BE.! WE'LL TRY AGAIN LATER.!
LATER ?? BUT, WHY CAN'T WE.....
LATER, MY FRIEND... LATER!!!

AS A LONE SHE-WOLF HOWLS HER SOLITARY *PRAISE* TO THE NIGHT'S COMING *PLEASURES*
WHERE ARE THEY.? WHY HAVE *THEY* TAKEN SO *LONG*??
I CAN *SENSE* IT..... *SOMETHING IS WRONG!! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED!!!*
SCANT SECONDS LATER.....
FINALLY!!!
THE STILL *AUSTRIAN* AIR IS TORN BY THE SOUNDS OF *MASSIVE MEMBRANOUS* WINGS BEATING *WILDLY!!* IN A BLUR OF *CELLULAR ACTIVITY*, A *STRANGE TRANSFORMATION* EVOLVES!!!
QUICKLY!! HIDE OUR DAUGHTER IN THE CRYPTS!!!
I WILL TRY TO REASON WITH THIS FLOCK OF FOOLS!!!

DESIST FOOLS..! OR KNOW VON ZORKA'S WRATH!!!
BEGONE!!!
DO NOT SOIL THESE REGAL GROUNDS WITH YOUR PRESENCE!!!
NNNOOOOO!!!!
FATHER!!!!
DIE...UNDEAD MAGGOT!! DEATH TO THE SPAWN OF SATAN!!! DIE!!! DIE!!!
AAAAAAIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!!!!!
THE CRUNCH OF BREAKING BONES, AND THE RIPPING OF PALLID FLESH GIVE VENT TO A HIDEOUS CRY!!!
LEAVE ME ALONE!! LEAVE ME ALONE!!! DO NOT STIR THESE DARK MEMORIES!!!!
AAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEEEE!!!!!
...FATHER!!!!
OHHHH, FATHER!! FATHER!!!
COME MY CHILD!! THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM!!
WE MUST OBEY HIS FINAL WISH, AND SEE OF OUR SAFETY!!
...COME!!!
STOP!! STOP!!! STAY THOSE VILE TONGUES!!!
VAMPIRE!!
VAMPIRE!!!! NOSFERATU... THE UNDEAD!!!!
DON'T HURL THOSE NAMES LIKE RIVER MUD, AT OUR FAMILY CREST!!!!
NAMES?? WHAT NAMES DO THEY CALL YOU?? TELL US!! TELL US!!!

THEY CALL US.....
... NOSFERATU.... VAMPIRE!!!!
SCRATCHES HEAD. NOSFERATU?? VAMPIRE!??
THE UNDEAD!!
YES, BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN??!
WE KNOW NOTHING MORE ABOUT THIS CASE NOW, THAN WHEN WE FIRST STARTED!!
AMNESIA IS NEVER AN EASY PROBLEM TO SOLVE, MY FRIEND!!
QUICKLY, TE TRANCE IS PASSING!!!
"NOSFERATU"... "VAMPIRE", WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
WHY ARE THEY SO IMPORTANT TO YOUR TROUBLED MIND??!
I... I.. NOSFERATU!!!
AS THE TRANCE ENDS, AND THE MIND ONCE AGAIN DWELLS IN THE REALM OF THE PRESENT...
THANK YOU, DOCTORS!! YOU HAVE INDEED RESTORED MY LOST MEMORIES!!
YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THE KEY TO SECRETS LONG PAST!!
NO!! STAY BACK!!!
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!!!

NNNOOOOOO!!! STAY AWAY!!! GET BACK!!!
AHHH, FIRST BLOOD!! BUT, I CAN ASSURE YOU, MORE WILL FLOW!!!
AAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!
WHERE IS IT!!? 'HAS TO BE HERE SOMEPLACE!!
HERE IT IS!! FINALLY!!!
SO, YOU WOULD TAMPER WITH THE FATES PITIFUL MORTAL!!?
DOCTOR?!!
MY GOD!!!! MY.....
.... GGGGAAAAAAWWWWW!!!!

YYAAAAIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!!!!!
MEANWHILE, A NOCTURNAL CREATURE PREPARES FOR FLIGHT.....
I HAVE BUT TO RID MYSELF OF THIS CUMBERSOME GARB, TO BREAK WITH ALL MORTAL SHACKLES!!
COME! THE NIGHT, AND THE CITY ARE YOURS....
....MAKE HASTE!!! MAKE HASTE!!!!
NNOOOOOO!!!!
NNNOOOO!!!!
THE LUST FOR BLOOD RACES THROUGH BODY FIBERS..... WAVES OF CRIMSON DESIRE FLOOD THE THOUGHTS..... THE IDEAS OF THIRST, QUENCHED, SPURS THE FEMININE BODY TO CHANGE.....
SUDDENLY.....

SLOWLY AND **STEADILY** THE DARK VEIL IS DRAWN AWAY..... **SOLAR** RAYS SINGE THE TENDER EYE-FLESH..... THE **STENCH** OF **ROTTING** FLESH ENTERS THE LUNGS....

AAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

..**BEAUTY WASTES** WITH EACH RIBBON OF SMOKE.....

THE GRIP ON LIFE WANES...

'TIL NAUGHT REMAINS SAVE THE SMELL OF SOMETHING THAT **WAS!!!**

AS GENTLE WINDS USHER THE POWDERY REMAINS ACROSS THE CARPET, A TORMENTED SOUL IS RELEASED FROM IT'S CURSED EXISTENCE!! PERHAPS **PEACE** WILL BE FOUND IN ANOTHER REALM OF LIFE BEYOND KNOWN WORLDS.... ***OR PERHAPS IN A PLACE WHERE PURIFICATION BY FIRE, IS A WAY OF LIFE!!!***

VOODOO INITIATION

*DEMONIC POSSESSION... BIZARRE CEREMONIES...MAD DOLLS THAT CAN **KILL**...*
*--ALL PROPERTIES OF THE MAGICAL LIFE OF **THE VOODOO!***

① ***FIRST,*** SHROUDED IN AN ALL-WHITE ***SHEET*** WHICH HIDES YOUR ***CHARACTER*** YOU DRINK DEEPLY OF THE RITUAL ***HERB WINE***... YOUR MIND SLOWLY ***BENDS*** TO THE ACID-TANGY FLAVOR AND THE MADLY CONCOCTED ***DRUG*** THERE-IN STARTS TO TAKE ***EEFECT***...

② ***THEN,*** YOU ARE MADE TO JOIN ***THE OLD ONES*** THOSE MANY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES ALREADY INITIATED... MADE TO ***PROVE*** TO THEM YOU ARE ***FIT FOR MEMBERSHIP***... INTO THE UNHOLY VOODOO CULT... YOU ARE MADE TO ***BATHE IN FIRE***...

HEWETSON AND MARCOS

③ ***THEN,*** YOU ARE THRUST INTO A PLACE OF ***LONELINESS*** FOR 40 DAYS-- ***STARVED***-- DENIED THE RIGHT TO WASH OR CHANGE YOUR ***CLOTHING***... MADE TO ENDURE THE ***AGONIES*** OF THAT ***DRUGGED WINE*** WHICH ***STILL*** HAS AWKWARD REACTIONS IN YOUR ***MIND*** AS IT ***DISTORTS REALITY***... LITERALLY MAKING THE TINY DESERT LIZARD A ***MONSTROUS DEMON***...

④ ***NOW,*** YOU ARE ONE OF ***THE INITIATES,*** YOU HAVE YET ***MUCH TO LEARN*** OF THE COMPLICATED MAGIC AND GODS OF ***VOODOO***... BUT YOU ARE ***READY TO LEARN*** -- THROUGH HARD WORK AND ***RITUAL***...

...AND BEFORE LONG YOU WILL BE ***A MASTER OF MEN***... FOR YOUR ***POWERS TO CONTROL*** AND BEND THE ***WILL*** OF OTHERS THROUGH THREATS OF ***VIOLENCE AND DEATH*** ARE BACKED BY A CENTURIES-OLD TERRIFYING ***KNOWLEDGE*** OF PURE-BRED ***ULTIMATE EVIL***...

...THROUGH THE DREADED ***VOODOO!***

MEET MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD--
AM I GOING OUT OF MY MIND SKIP?
... A GRAVEYARD... WHAT?
IF YOU'RE BLOWIN' YOUR SKULL PARTNER JAY, THEN SO AM I...
...THERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS--THAT'S--BEGINNING TO GNAW AT MY NERVES... A FEELIN' IN MY GUT THAT'S UNREAL... DEADLY...
...WHOEVER HEARD OF A GRAVEYARD APPEARING OUTTA MID-AIR!
R.I.P.
MEMORIAM
HEWETSON AND XIRINIUS

JAY GOGH AND SKIP KLEE, OR AS WE SHALL KNOW THEM **HENCEFORTH**, MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD... **FRONTRUNNERS** IN PUT-ONS, LIES AND **MONEY-SMUGGLING**... FOR THEY ARE **GRUBBERS** WHO EITHER LACK THE LUSTRE TO MAKE IT **LEGIT** OR PREFER TO TAKE THE **EASY ROUTE** TO **EASY MONEY**... GRUBBING 'ROUND ON **HANDS AND KNEES** FOR A FEW BUCKS IN THE **RAT RACE OF CRIME**... THE **MONEY-GRUBBERS** GRABBING ONTO A **SURE-THING** IN...

THE GRAVEYARD JUNGLE

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

YES MR. ERBACAM... IT SHOULD FIT YOUR REQUIREMENTS JUST PERFECTLY!
THE PRICE IS JUST RIGHT I THINK ...VERY REASONABLE I SHOULD THINK SIR... AND FROM WHAT YOU SAY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR... I'D SAY THIS WAS IT... YESSIR!
...AND THE PREVIOUS OWNER MR.KLEE?...
THE PREVIOUS OWNER? -- ONLY LIVED IN IT ON SUNDAYS... HAH HAH... JUST A LITTLE JOKE WE HAVE IN THE TRADE... HEH HEH...
...NOW I DON'T WANT TO PRESSURE YOU OR ANYTHING BUT OTHERS ARE INTERESTED...I HAVE THE PAPERS RIGHT HERE IF YOU'D LIKE TO SIGN...
WELL--I CERTAINLY DO REQUIRE IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY...IT'S PERFECT TO OPERATE MY SHOE REPAIR SHOP...AND I CAN LIVE UPSTAIRS...SAVE SOME MONEY THAT WAY TOO-AS YOU SAY IT'S PERFECT...
OKAY-- IT'S A DEAL...
VERY GOOD SIR...VERY GOOD INDEED... NOW IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN HERE MY PARTNER MR.GOGH AND I WILL HAVE THESE PAPERS NOTARIZED AND BACK TO YOU BY THIS EVENING...
BEAUTIFUL!... YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE HAPPY EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE WHEN HE SIGNED THE PAPERS... BEAUTIFUL ... WHAT A SUCKER!
SO HE'S GONNA SET UP A SMALL SHOE REPAIR OUTFIT IS HE? AND LIVING IN THE UPSTAIRS HE PROBABLY FIGURES HE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE ENDS MEET IN THIS DAY AND AGE OF MECHANIZATION AND BIG BUSINESS...
...ONE NIGHT IN THAT DUMP WITH THE FAKE GHOSTS AND SPIRITS WE'VE RIGGED UP AN' HE'LL BE BEGGING TO SELL IT BACK TO US FOR A SONG!
...AND AGAIN WE'LL PICK UP A FEW GRAND... FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS WORK...

WE'VE MADE AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY FROM THAT ONE HOUSE SKIP... AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY...
THE WAY YOU TALK JAY-- YOU'D THINK IT WAS GONNA COME TO AN END! THIS... SIMON ERBACAM IS JUST ONE SUCKER... THERE'S MILLIONS YET JUST WAITIN' 'ROUND THE NEXT CORNER...
GOD-- IT DOES LOOK GHASTLY DOESN'T IT... MAKES YOU THINK...
WELL DON'T THINK! THE ONLY GHASTLY THING ABOUT THIS HOUSE IS THE GIMMICK WE'VE RIGGED UP IN IT! DON'T FOOL YOURSELF... IT'S ONLY GHASTLY TO THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON...
WHOCK WHOCK WHOCK
CAN YOU SPOT A LIGHT ANYWHERE... I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ANY REPLY...
NOTHING...
... ARE YOU SURE HE SAID HE'D MEET US HERE TONIGHT?
POSITIVE... HE SAID HE WANTED TO CLEAN UP...
LOOK AT ALL THIS DUST AND MUCK... LOOKS LIKE HE DIDN'T DO TOO MUCH CLEANING UP...
... SAY... I THOUGHT WE CLEANED IT UP LAST MONTH... DO YOU REMEMBER IT BEING AS BAD AS THIS...
NO-- IT'S STRANGE I...
...THAT NOISE...
WRRRAAAIIIIINNNN
KKKKKWWWAAAACCCCKKKK
...OH MY GOD SKIP...
TAKE IT EASY LAD-- IT'S ONLY THE DOOR SLAMMING BEHIND US...
IT'S JUST THIS HOUSE... SO DARK... I WUS ALWAYS SCARED OF THE DARK...
WHAT ARE YOU SO NERVOUS ABOUT ANYWAY... YOU AFRAID OF SOMETHING?

I HAVE A LIGHTER HERE SO WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING... IS THERE NO LIGHT-SWITCH?
THE POWER ISN'T ON 'TILL TOMORROW ... BUT I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND A BUNCH OF CANDLES ... SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE HERE ON THE TABLE...
MY HAND...IN THE DARK... BRUSHED AGAINST THAT STUFF...
WHAT THE HELL IS IT?...
I DUNNO... LOOKS LIKE--SOME KIND OF STRANGE CHEMICAL COMPOUND... DON'T ASK ME... HOW SHOULD I KNOW ... MAYBE IT'S FERTILIZER...
LOOKS LIKE HE'S MOVED SOME FURNITURE IN...
...BUT WHY WOULD HE COVER IT UP WITH WHITE SHEETS... I DON'T GET IT!
HE PROBABLY DOESN'T WANT TO GET IT DIRTY WHILE HE CLEANS...
...LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF FURNITURE HE'S GOT...
HOLY HANNAH! YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN YOUR LIFE?
CAN'T SAY AS I HAVE... UNLESS IT WAS IN AN OLD BORIS KARLOFF FLICK... LOOKS LIKE STUFF OUT OF THE DARK AGES...
...WELL AT LEAST WE CAN STUFF THESE CANDLES IN THE CANDELABRUM... THROW SOME LIGHT AROUND SO WE CAN FIND SOMEWHERE TO SIT WHILE WE WAIT...
WHAT'S THAT...
...WHUT?...
THROUGH THE WINDOW FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... LOOK AT IT...
GOOD LORD! A GRAVEYARD...
THERE'S NO GRAVEYARD ADJOINING THIS PROPERTY...THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON...DO YOU GET THE FEELING THAT...
R.I.P.
I GET TWO FEELINGS ... ... ONE IS NAUSEA...
...THE OTHER IS THAT THIS GUY ERBACAM HAS SOMEHOW CAUGHT ON ...HE'S TRYIN' TO PULL THE SAME STUNT OFF ON US THAT WE'VE GOT GOING...
HE'S TRYIN' TO SPOOK US WITH SOME KIND OF IMAGES...
I DUNNO... LOOKS REAL ENOUGH TO ME... I'M GOING OUTSIDE TO FIND OUT!

MY GOD JAY THIS AIN'T NO IMAGE...
... THIS HEADSTONE IS REAL...
THAT'S ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE... HOW COULD SOMEONE ERECT AN ENTIRE GRAVEYARD IN ONE AFTERNOON...
...IT JUST DOESN'T FIGURE... IT'S NOT PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE!
TOKK TOKKK TOKK
WHAT'S THAT?
OOOOOWWEEEERROOOHHHH
I DUNNO BUT I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE...
WWWHHHRAAAMMMM
NOW WAIT-A-MINUTE SKIP... IT'S ONLY A STUNT... HE'S ONLY TRYING TO PULL OFF SOME KINDA STUNT...
...NOW WHAT GOOD WOULD IT BE IF IT DIDN'T LOOK REAL-- IT HAS TO LOOK REAL...
...HE KNOWS YOU KNOW... HEY... WHAT'S THAT... THAT WHITE THING...
OH MY GOD!
HEAD FOR THE HOUSE...
HOT DAMN! I DUNNO WHERE HE GETS HIS GIMMICKS BUT THEY SURE ARE REALISTIC!
...THAT THING WASN'T HUMAN... IT JUST KINDA... KINDA FLOATED OVER THE GROUND!
...NOW THAT PROBABLY WAS AN IMAGE... PROBABLY GOT SOME KINDA PROJECTOR ON THE ROOF OR HIDDEN BEHIND A TOMBSTONE OR SOMETHIN'...
...STILL... IT SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH...
SKIP... SKIP FOR GOD'S SAKE...

...CAN'T BREATHE...THING... CHOKING ME... MY VOICE IS GONE...
HANG ON...
WHAPP
WOOKK
WHAKKK
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE DOING ANY GOOD... JAY LOOKS LIKE HE'S LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...
WHOKKK
WHAKKK
WHOPPPP
WHHHOOOOO WHRRRRUUUMMM
WHROOOUUU
THE CEILING... THAT NOISE FROM THE SECOND FLOOR...
...PLASTER FALLING... AND THAT NOISE... LIKE A GIANT WALKING ACROSS THE FLOOR...
JAY... COME ON... SNAP OUT OF IT...
...WE'RE GETTING OUTTA HERE...NOW! I DUNNO IF THIS GUY ERBACAM IS A NUT OR A GENIUS OR WHAT BUT I DON'T WANNA KNOW WHAT'S ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THIS PLACE...
WHHHUPPPPAAA
WHHHRRRUUMMMP
WHHRRRUUUMMM
...SKIP... MY GOD SKIP...
MICE... DOZENS OF WHITE MICE...
WHREEEPPP
WHHHREEEEPPPHHH
WHHREEEEEPPPPEEE
THEY'RE TURNIN' COLOR... TURNIN' GREY... BLACK...
...THEY AIN'T MICE...THEY'RE RATS... BLOODY RATS...

UGHHH... TEETH... RIPPING MY FLESH...
...TEARING...
...THE STAIRS JAY... MAKE FOR THE STAIRS...
I... UGHHH... WHAT... WHAT GOOD'LL THAT DO... THEY'LL JUST... UGHHH... JUST FOLLOW US UP...
NEVER MIND WHY DAMMIT... YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA?... UGHHH... JUST... UGHH... JUST DO IT...
MANAGING TO KEEP THEM OFF... THEY CAN'T SEEM TO... TO BE ABLE TO MAKE THE DEEP STEPS...
WE KILLED ENOUGH OF 'EM THAT THE RODENTS ARE GOING AFTER THE BLOOD OF THE DEAD ONES...
YEH... BUT I STILL DON'T FANCY GOING BACK DOWN THERE... STILL TOO MANY...
...THAT NOISE ON THE SECOND FLOOR HAS STOPPED...
... LET'S SEE... MAYBE WE CAN FIND THE LITTLE OLD MAN... CATCH HIM AT THE CONTROLS OF THIS... THIS BIZARRE GAME...
THAT LIGHT...
YOU HEAR SOMETHIN'?
YEH... SOMETHIN' FLICKING AGAINST THE FLOOR...
FWICK
FWICK
FWICKK

FWIKKK FWICKK FWICKKK FWICKK
FWIIKK
FIKKKWIKKK
WELL-- COME ON IN... ARE YOU STRUCK DUMB...
IS THAT...
...ERBACAM...
FW IGKKK FWICKKK FWICKKK
...ONE OF MANY NAMES... GENTLEMEN...
...I PREFER TO USE ERBACAM BECAUSE--WELL, BECAUSE MACABRE AND SATHANAS AND... LUCIFER... ARE A DEAD GIVE-AWAY...
...YOU'VE COME WITH THE PAPERS HAVE YOU?
-GOOD--I'VE BEEN SPENDING THE AFTERNOON PUTTING MY NEW EARTH-HOUSE IN ORDER...
...OH--I SEE YOU'RE BOTH THE WORSE FOR WEAR... PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU...
...YES GENTLEMEN...THE PERFECT HOUSE TO SET UP MY BUSINESS AS A COBBLER... AN HONORABLE PROFESSION MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD... ONE IN WHICH I'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR MANY YEARS... THAT IS, AFTER MEN'S SOULS...
...AND YOURS-- YOURS LOOK ALL WORN OUT...

RIGHT ABOUT NOW... IS THE LAST OPPORTUNITY WE'LL HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE TO THESE TWO BOGUS-MEN... FOR SHORTLY MESSRS. FRAUD AND FRAUD WILL PROUDLY BE ERECTING A NEW SHINGLE ELSEWHERE...TO WHEEL AND DEAL IN A HOT LITTLE PROPERTY IN THE FOREIGN OTHER-WORLD... ...THAT SEVERAL OTHER MISFITS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CALL...

...THE GRAVEYARD JUNGLE....

ALL the Ways and Means to Die

THERE WERE TIMELINES BRANCHING AND BRANCHING, A ***MEGA-UNIVERSE*** OF UNIVERSES, MILLIONS MORE EVERY MINUTE. BILLIONS? TRILLIONS? **THE UNIVERSE SPLIT EVERY TIME SOMEONE MADE A DECISION. SPLIT, SO THAT EVERY DECISION EVER MADE COULD GO BOTH WAYS.** EVERY CHOICE MADE BY EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON EARTH WAS ***REVERSED*** IN THE UNIVERSE NEXT DOOR. IT WAS ***ENOUGH*** TO ***CONFUSE*** ANY CITIZEN, LET ALONE DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT ***GENE TRIMBLE,*** WHO HAD OTHER PROBLEMS TO WORRY ABOUT:

ADAPTED BY ***JEFF JONES*** FROM A SCRIPT BY ***LARRY NIVEN***... AS PUBLISHED IN 1968 BY GALAXY PUB. CO./*GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION*. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

: ***SENSELESS*** CRIME, ***SENSELESS*** SUICIDE. TRIMBLE SUSPECTED THAT IT WAS WORLD-WIDE, REACHING ***EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS.*** A WOMAN STABBING THEATREGOERS WITH AN ICEPICK-- CASUALLY,-- PEOPLE SIMPLY DISAPPEARING-- AND NOW, ***AMBROSE HARDESTY...***

HARDESTY'S BODY LAY ON THE PAVEMENT IN THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT. MORE A STAIN, THAN A MAN, FALLEN FROM HIS PENTHOUSE. NO SUICIDE NOTE.
3 MONTHS AGO I'D HAVE WONDERED "WHY"-- AMBROSE HARDESTY WAS A PROMINENT INVESTOR OF HAIR-BRAINED CAUSES, AND A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE! HE HAD EVERYTHING!
HIS INVESTMENT IN CROSSTIME CORPORATION PAID OFF, AND WELL! HE HELD DOZENS OF PATENTS ON INVENTIONS IMPORTED FROM ALTERNATE TIME TRACKS. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN THE WORLD'S NEXT BILLIONAIRE--
--HAD HE NOT WALKED OFF THE BALCONY. NOW HIS DEATH WOULD GRAB SPECIAL ATTENTION AND PUBLICITY...

TO DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT TRIMBLE, CLEANING HIS GUN WAS LIKE KNITTING-- A WAY TO KEEP HIS HANDS BUSY AS HIS MIND WANDERED.

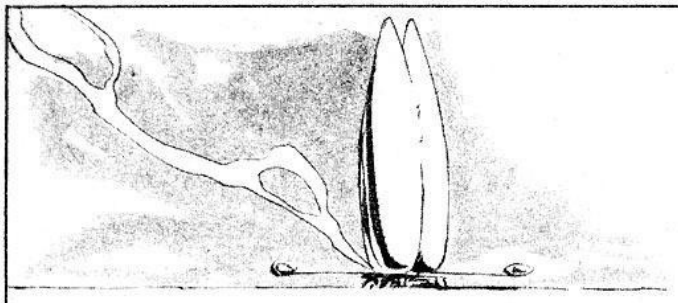
TOO MANY SUICIDES. WALKING OFF BRIDGES, FROM BALCONIES, IN FRONT OF TRAINS. NEVER ANY PLANNING. WONDER IF THE *CROSSTIME SHIPS* DIDN'T BRING BACK A *"SUICIDE BUG"* FROM SOME *ALTERNATE TIMELINE?*

THE *CROSSTIME GROUP* FIRST WAS JUST A HANDFUL OF ENGINEERS, PHYSICISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS TRYING TO PROVE A *THEORY OF ALTERNATE TIME TRACKS.* 11 MONTHS AGO AN EXPERIMENTAL VEHICLE TOUCHED THE WORLD OF THE *CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.* FROM THAT POINT ON *MIRACLES* BEGAN TO POUR IN: LASERS, OXYGEN-HYDROGEN ROCKET MOTORS, COMPUTERS, STRANGE PLASTICS ... THE LIST GREW.

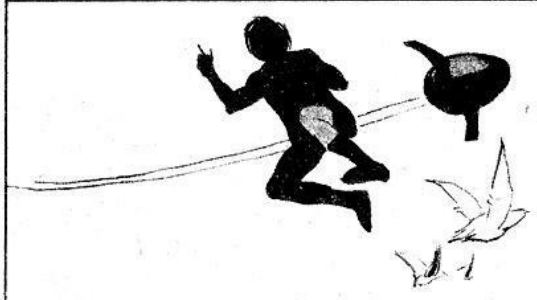
GETTING BACK WAS *COMPLICATED!* THERE WAS THE PHENOMENON *"BROADENING OF THE BANDS"*-- A GRAPH OF *PROBABLE WORLDS* TO RETURN TO WHICH *WIDENED* AS EACH DECISION WAS MADE AND THE *WORLD DIVIDED* AND THE *UNIVERSE STRETCHED!*-- *TIMESTREAMS* FLOWED ON, MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR A PILOT TO *RETURN* TO THE WORLD HE'D *LEFT!*

TRIMBLE *SHUDDERED* AT THE THOUGHT OF IT. WOULDN'T ANYONE?

AS HE CLEANED HIS GUN, THE PUZZLE ASSEMBLED ITSELF IN HIS HEAD, THERE WERE NO LOST PARTS-- HE *WOULD* PUT IT ALL TOGETHER...

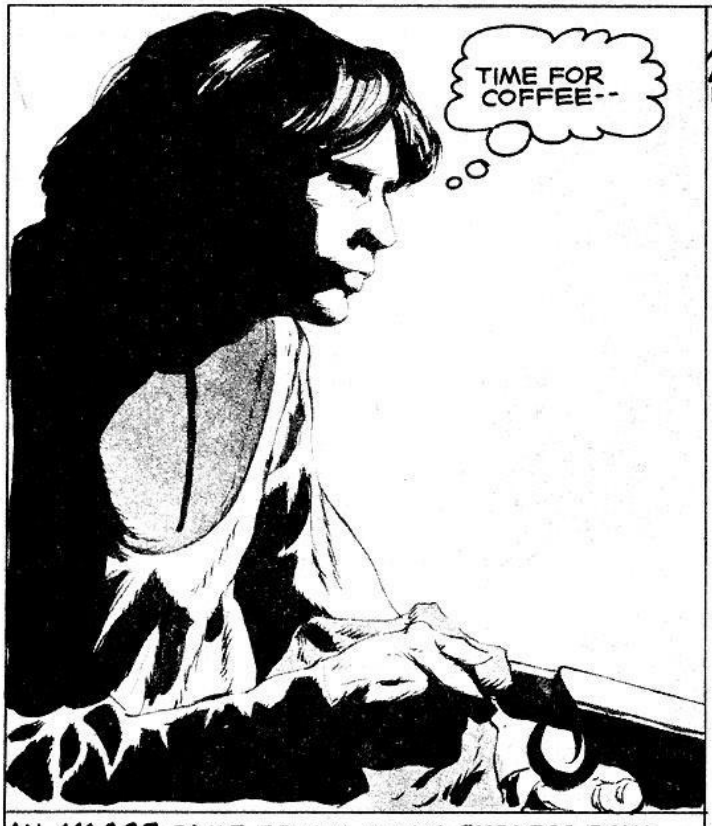


ONE PILOT, ***GARY WILCOX***, HAD EXPERIMENTED WITH TIMELINES, AND ***RETURNED TWICE!*** TWO WILCOXES, ***TWO*** VEHICLES!-- TWO DIFFERENT TIMES!-- ONE SHIP HAD WILCOX IN IT-- THE OTHER WAS EMPTY... ***THE HULLS OF BOTH SHIPS INTERSECTED!***--



TRIMBLE HAD TRIED TO CALL THE OTHER GARY WILCOX-- ***TOO LATE!*** WILCOX HAD GONE SKY-DIVING-- AND "***FORGOT*** TO OPEN HIS PARACHUTE!

SMALL WONDER. AT LEAST WILCOX HAD ***MOTIVE!*** IT'S ***BAD ENOUGH*** JUST ***KNOWING*** ABOUT THE ***MILLIONS*** OF OTHER "***GENE TRIMBLES***"-- ONE OF "***ME***" COULD WALK INTO ***MY OFFICE*** RIGHT NOW!



AN ***IMAGE*** CAME TO HIM OF AN ***ENDLESS ROW OF TRIMBLES***-- HE ***WOULD*** GO GET THE COFFEE-- ***AND*** HE WOULDN'T-- ***AND*** HE ***WOULD*** SEND SOMEONE FOR IT-- ***AND*** SOMEBODY ***WAS ABOUT TO*** BRING IT WITHOUT BEING ASKED...

PILOTS WENT OUT ***EVERYWHERE***-- ***IMPERIAL RUSSIA, AMERINDIAN AMERICA, THE CATHOLIC EMPIRE--THE NAZI WORLD, THE RED CHINESE WORLD***-- EVEN TO DEAD WORLDS-- ***BLACK PLAGUE WORLDS***--

-- WHAT HAD THEY BROUGHT BACK BESIDES ART AND INVENTIONS?

SUPPOSE THE DOOR OPENED AND IN WALKED GENE TRIMBLE? IT COULD HAPPEN. SOME OTHER ME MIGHT HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A SHORT TRIP-- HERE.
DAMN. THE LAW OF AVERAGES IS A FRAUD! IF EVERY DECISION IS GOING TO BE MADE BOTH WAYS, WHY MAKE A DECISION AT ALL?
AN HONEST CITIZEN, STROLLING DOWN A STREET, SEES A PRETTY GIRL, SHE HAS NICE LEGS, NICE HIPS, NICE... WHY NOT?

THAT GUN, TOO, IS ENDLESS. SOME DIRTY, SOME CLEAN, SOME LOADED, SOME POINTED AT GENE TRIMBLE. MANY TRIMBLES. SOME BLEEDING, SOME ALREADY DEAD.

HE LOADED THE GUN.

HE POINTED THE GUN AWAY FROM HIMSELF. HE FELT THE HANDLE.
CASUAL MURDER, CASUAL SUICIDE, CASUAL CRIME. WHY NOT? IF ALTERNATE UNIVERSES ARE A REALITY, THEN CAUSE AND EFFECT ARE AN ILLUSION! YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, AND ONE OF YOU WILL, OR DID.

GENE TRIMBLE LOOKED AT THE CLEANED AND LOADED GUN ON HIS DESK-- WELL, WHY NOT?... AND HE RAN FROM HIS OFFICE, SHOUTING THE ANSWER... AND HE STOOD UP SLOWLY, LEFT THE OFFICE, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

IN ONE OF THE MYRIAD UNIVERSES...
IN ANOTHER OF THE MYRIAD UNIVERSES...
IN ONE...
IN ANOTHER...
AND ANOTHER...
BRING ME A SANDWICH AND SOME COFFEE.
RIDICULOUS! NOBODY DIES FOR A PHILOSOPHIC POINT.
AND HE PICKED THE GUN UP, PUT IT TO HIS HEAD...
AND HE REACHED FOR THE INTERCOM TO ORDER...
AND HE FIRED. THE GUN JERKED AND BLASTED A HOLE IN THE CEILING...
AND HE SUDDENLY LAUGHED AND STOOD UP, AND WALKED AWAY...
AND HE FIRED. THE BULLET TOOK OFF THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

...A HORROR-MOOD LURKS HERE...
NIGHTMARE
This is the EVIL LUNATIC THING OF THE PRINCESS OF EARTH!
A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

...THIS IS THE *ASTONISHING MAD-EMOTIONAL THROAT-CHOKING* **FAT-ONE** THAT'S COMIN' UP **NEXT...**

≥TEE HEE≤ WONDERING WHERE YOUR *HEAD* IS? ≥HEH HEH≤ I'M WONDERIN' WHERE MY *BODY* IS!... ≥HEH HEH HEH HEH≤

MR POOK ED.

...IT DOESN'T MUCH *MATTER* I GUESS... I'LL GET EVERYTHIN' ALL TOGETHER BY THE TIME IT'S TIME TO APPEAR IN ***NIGHTMARE #10*** ≥HEH HEH≤ THAT'S THE *BLOATED* ***FAT-ONE*** ≥CHOKE≤ WHERE-IN WE'LL FEATURE *BAD BASIL WOLVERTON... RABID RAMON TORRENTS... WEIRD WAYNE HOWARD... EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY... DYING DOUG MOENCH... GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH... DROWNING DENNIS FUJITAKE... BRAIN-EATING BERNI WRIGHTSON* IN OUR ***FROGS*** MOVIE REVIEW... AND *ARCHAIC AL SLIDIN'* INTO YOUR MIND WITH THE CRACKED COVER STORY: ***THIS IS THE EVIL LUNATIC THING OF THE PRINCESS OF EARTH...*** ≥CHOKE≤

≥HEH HEH≤ DON'T *DARE* MISS IT... IF YOU ***DO*** ≥CHOKE≤ YOUR *MIND* WILL BLOW A GASKET... ≥OOH OOH≤ ≥TEE HEE≤ ≥GASP≤ ...AND THAT WOULD BE ***AWFUL...***

COME INTO THIS SLITHER-SLIME MOOD, THIS ARCHAIC, LIVING
HORROR-MOOD
WHERE THINGS LIVE AND DIE THAT HAVE NO NAMES -- NO FACES... ONLY TALES TO TELL...
...OF ABOMINATIONS UNDEFINED...
...OF AGONIES UNHEEDED...
...OF MOMENTS ABSTRACT, UNREAL UNIMPORTANT...
WHERE UNNAMEABLE BEASTS AND FIENDS RULE, AND WRITHING, HORRID TINY DEAD THINGS SERVE... WHEN HORRORS UNCOUNTED COLLECT AND COMPOUND A COMPOST IN MINDS OF RHYME AND REASON... WHILE SENILE ELDER THINGS DRIVEL AND CHOKE UP WAYS AND STYLES LONG FORGOTTEN... IGNORED... WHO TELL OF OTHER-PLACES MUCH LIKE THIS... LESS-HEEDED -- LESS HORRID, PERHAPS LESS UGLY... WHY THEY COME INTO THIS SLITHER-SLIME PLACE NO ONE CARES, LEAST OF ALL US, FOR WE COME ONLY TO ENJOY AND INTEGRATE OUR MUDDY, MAD MINDS INTO AN ASTONISHING, DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE
THE HORROR-MOOD!